THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA. SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1864.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2283.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE DECAY OF CONVERSATION.

The ancient art of talking is falling into decay. It is an ascertainable fact that, in proportion to an increased amount of population, the aggregate bulk of conversation is lessening. People nowadays have something else to do than talk; not only do they live in such a hurry that there is only leisure for just comparing ideas as to the weather, but they have each and all a gross quantity to do, which puts talking out of the question. If persons remain at home, they read: if they journey by rail, they read; if they go to the sea-side, they read; we have met misguided individuals out in the open fields with books in hand; young folks have been seen stretched underneath trees, and upon the banks of rivers, poring over pages; on the tops of mountains, in the desert, or within forests—everywhere men now pull printed sheets from their pockets, and in the earliest, latest, highest occupations of life they read. The fact is incontestably true, that modern men and women are reading themselves into a comparatively silent race. Reading is the great delusion of the present time; it has become a sort of lay piety; according to which the perusal of volumes reckons as good works; it is, in a word, the superstition of the nineteenth century.—*Chambers's Journal.*

☞ A Yankee traveller, describing a doughnut of unusually large proportions, which he purchased in Buffalo, says:—"It was one of those stupendous achievements of art which are only attempted in the vicinity of the great works of nature like Niagara Falls."

☞ Love, hope, and patience—these must be thy graces; and in thine own heart, let them first keep school.—*Coleridge.*

OUR DISCONTENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Why are we always looking ahead,
Yearning for moments and things to be?
Let us look on the present instead,
Where lies the duty for you and me.

A good time coming, is poet's theme,
But a good time here, let wisdom say,
If people would *do* instead of *dream*,
Nor watching to-morrow waste to-day.

Bright to-day is the smile of the sky,
And with flowers is our pathway spread;
Yet how blindly we pass them by,
Walking *here* we are looking *ahead.*

But when the longed to-morrow we reach,
We will remember the fair to-day;
What to our hearts can the wisdom teach,
To prize the present are passed away?

Flowers of the field our tutors may be,
Filling their cups with a store of light;
Birds of the air are wiser than we,
Warbling thanks that to-day is bright.

EMELINE CLARK.

MARGARET TUDOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BEATRICE COLONNA.

PART FIRST.

"Bring me a mirror."

My French maid, Felicie, stared helplessly around, shrugged her shoulders, but remained motionless.

I repeated my command with energy.

Felicie made a step forward, paused, and said, "Madame did say it should not be beat."

"Madame and I think differently, then," I said coldly.

"Mademoiselle must be obeyed," said the girl, as slowly and with evident reluctance, she moved the Pschyche-glass near my chair.

"Draw the curtains."

Felicie, moving as if shod with lead, complied.

The sunlight poured in through the narrow diamond panes, dancing in long golden lines upon the wall, flecking with varying light and shade the soft green carpet, as it had the emerald moss all starred with daisies under the broad oaks, three long months before, and threw a broad glare across the mirror upon which I now turned my startled gaze.

Oh, God! was that myself—that pallid spectre with ashen face indented with scars, with leaden eyes sunk in discolored orbits, drawn, colorless lips, and shrivelled throat—the whole ghastly thing made yet more ghastly by the golden glitter of my hair, which cut short during my illness, curled profusely around my temples. I raised my hand slowly as if to exorcise the dreadful apparition, heard a cry behind me, and shattered the glass into a thousand pieces. My aunt's pale face confronted me, her shaking hands were extended imploringly.

I lifted mine, all cut and bleeding from the broken glass, and cried,

"Aunt, tell me, tell me that I do not look like that!"

She came to me, put her arms around my neck, and drawing my face upon her bosom, said,

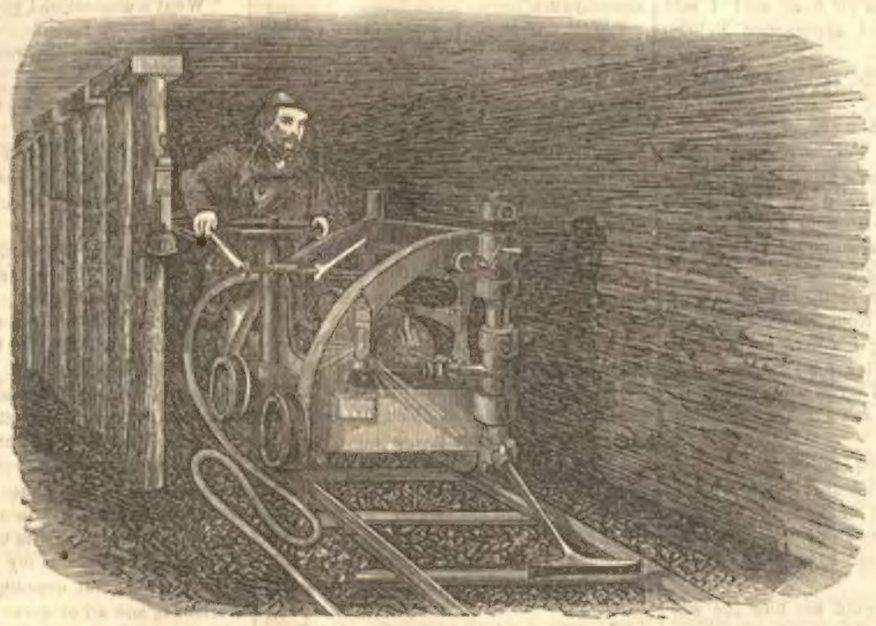
"My poor darling! my poor darling!"

I pushed her from me. Her words, her caress cut me to the quick; they proved to me that I was hideous. Young, beautiful, an heiress, and nobly born, never before had words of pity been addressed to me, never before had I received its degrading caresses. I had queened it as if born in the purple—now, discrowned, dethroned, my royal robes trailed in the dust, I must pass through the scenes of my former triumphs, a spectacle for that multitude who had once been the trumpets of my fame. August shade of Zenobia!

I raised my head proudly. I, too, would present a marble front to the gaze of the curious, the cold pity of the careless and indifferent. In my childish enthusiasm I had often longed to emulate the majestic stoicism of the conquered queen who wore her chains more royally than Aurelian did his diadem—now.

I glanced around. Felicie was closing the door after some one. She came forward and laid a note upon the table beside me.

As I lifted it a subtle and delicate perfume exhaled from it. I tore it open, and a great cluster of heliotrope dropped from the folds, and fell upon my lap. I read slowly, each word stabbing me like a knife.



A COAL CUTTING MACHINE.

To take the place of the old mode of hand labor in mining coal, the above machine has been invented in England, and is now in use in the mines.

This coal-cutting machine has been brought to its present high efficiency at the West Ardsley Colliery, in Yorkshire, the proprietors of which, William Firth, Esq., and Company, of Leeds, are likewise the owners, part-patentees, improvers, and constructors of the mechanism. The patentees are Firth, Donnisthorpe, and Co. The engine is a large iron cylinder, with a piston and piston-rod working to and fro in the cylinder, and carrying or driving a massive iron or steel pick, which cuts the coal, working long work in any desired direction, and at a very material saving in waste from hewing or "kirving." The power that gives the reciprocity motion to the piston and pick is highly *compressed air*, condensed by the steam-engine stationed at all collieries near the pit-mouth, and this elastic air is conveyed by slender pipes down the shaft or pit, and along the mine to the places where the coal is to be disturbed from its long repose and cut away from the exposed edge or face of the seam. The compressed air is pumped by the steam-engine into a receiver at the pit-head during its otherwise idle hours, or by its surplus power while drawing up the coal, or pumping out the water, from the mine, and is condensed to a tension of 45 to 50 pounds to the square inch. It is led at the West Ardsley Company's Colliery from the receiver, in metal pipes four and a half inches in diameter, down the shaft 80 fathoms (or 480 feet) deep, and thence in pipes of a less diameter to the workings, tubes of one or one and a quarter inch calibre bringing it to the cylinder of the machine. This compressed air, when set free at each alternating stroke of the piston, imparts to the adjacent portions of the mine a pure, dry, *cool* atmosphere, from a well-known law of all airs or gases, that when compressed they develope heat of temperature, and that when expanding under a relaxation of pressure, they quickly acquire a state of comparative coolness. We have been told, indeed, in a paper descriptive of this mechanical coal-cutter, read to the British Association at its late meeting at Newcastle, that the air issues at a temperature very little below the freezing point.

The machine is supported by a cast metal frame of great solidity and firmness, and is of a size and weight proportioned to the thickness and hardness of the bed of coal to be cut. It is constructed so as to give the blow of the pick or cutter, either by the *pull* or the *push* of the piston. The introduction of the compressed air of course does a great deal towards ventilating the mines.

The machine, says a visitor, was for the greater part of the time working at the astonishing speed of 120 strokes per minute, or at the rate of two a second; and it cut a remarkably regular smooth groove, or narrow incision, always twenty inches deep, into the coal seam, and not exceeding two inches, or two and a-half in width, throughout the entire line of its course along the face of the coal. By a second traverse of the face of the coal, this groove is deepened to thirty inches, and by a third to thirty-six inches, or one yard. The miner, or, more strictly speaking now, the engineer, who sits on a little seat attached to the rear of the machine, and controls its progress and the speed of its stroke, is able by this mechanism in the colliery I visited (the West Ardsley, near Leeds) to "kirve," or undercut the coal, to the extent of fifteen or twenty yards per hour. This is his regular average rate of work. Now, a good skillful miner, employing the hand-pick, "kirves" in such a seam about seven and a-half yards per day, working eight hours, or a little less than one yard per hour, so that the machine, in the amount of cutting it can effect, is equal to at least fifteen or twenty able-bodied men.

I have at last heard that you are convalescent. During your illness I have been like a body without a soul. I now desire to be reanimated, and if your tall, solemn footman again refuses me entrance through the door, I shall make my debut by the window.

Do write me one line and say when you will see REGINALD.

I looked up and met my aunt's glance.

"It is from Reginald," I said, "he desires an interview."

"You will not receive him!" said my aunt.

"Felicie, did the man wait?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"He may tell his master that I will see him in an hour."

Felicie left the room."

My aunt turned to me imploringly.

"You will not see him to-day! Wait a week, or at least—"

"I shall then have grown too handsome—he would be overwhelmed. No, I will see him this day, this hour."

"But, my child—"

"Felicie, bring me my blue robe-de-chambre; it is a costume proper for an invalid, and I remember Hamilton (he whom we christened De Grammont, you know, aunt,) used to say it harmonized admirably with the rose and pearl tints of my complexion. I wish he could see me now," I added sardonically—"withered rose, and yellowed pearl. Felicie, this dress fits shockingly, you must alter it to-morrow."

"Well, Mademoiselle?"

"Am I not a superb actress, ma fille?"

"Mademoiselle should have been born in France, truly," said Felicie, admiringly.

My toilet completed, I descended to the drawing-room which lay in crimson shadow behind the heavy sweep of the velvet curtains.

These I drew back and let in that stern truth-teller, the sun, being determined that I would avail myself of no artifice to conceal from Reginald the extent of the change which had taken place in me. This done, I glanced at the clock, the hands of which were ominously near the appointed hour.

I began to pace slowly up and down the room, growing cowardly as I approached the great mirror, and passing it with averted head.

The clock struck, I heard the clang of hoofs, the opening of a door, and a light step bounding up the stair.

I had overrated my strength, the floor seemed rocking under me. I uttered a cry, and fell upon a chair, as the door swung hastily open, and Reginald entered, his face flushed, his step eager.

He saw me, and sprang forward, then paused abruptly, and said, "Pardon me, I—a—was expecting to meet Mar—Miss Tudor."

I rose to my feet and confronted him.

"Reginald," I said, speaking slowly, that I might control the quivering of my lips, the tremor of my voice. "I am Margaret Tudor—do you not know me?"

He paled to his lips, his eyes dilated with a stare of horror, and shrinking from me, he covered his face with his hands.

In a moment I regained my self-possession, and triumphing in my power over myself, proceeded to put my hand upon the nerve yet quivering with agony.

"I am not surprised that you did not recognize me," I continued. "I am somewhat changed since the time we last met, which was, I believe, at Lady Forsyth's ball. Do you remember, I wore that evening a white lace dress trimmed with water-lilies? and you compared me to Undine, and said all manner of flattering things about my beautiful arms, one which you kissed here, just above the wrist, when we went out on the balcony after that last waltz. It was Von Weber's—oh! the eerie, melancholy strain, I have waltzed to it night after night in my dreams since then."

He had uncovered his face, which was as white as marble, and stood looking down at me with a gaze of utter bewilderment.

I moved a chair towards him, and desired him to be seated. He obeyed me, and slightly averting his face, leaned his head on his hand.

Standing beside him, my eyes rested upon the graceful head, the straight, low brow, over which the thick curls of his hair had fallen, the pure Greek profile, with its mobile mouth, and round, delicate chin, the long, curled eyelash, the proud curve of the neck where it joined the shoulders, all of which had gained him among his clique the sobriquet of the Apollo Belvidere. He had once sent me an exquisite statuette of that celebrated model, which was playfully labelled Reginald Thurston, and which strongly resembled him, as all my lady friends enthusiastically averred. Now, the conviction was forced upon me, that I could as soon cause that marble to pulsate under my hand as reanimate in my betrothed the love which had been born of my beauty and had died with it.

My despair surged from my heart to my lips, and escaped in a cruel taunt, "You hesitate, Reginald," I said, "I am hideous, but I am still very rich. Would not the Apollo Belvidere be charming if it were gilded?"

He started, and I could see the blood rise like a wave to his forehead, dyeing it crimson.

This insult which I had offered him yielded me fresh strength, and it was with an air of scornful incredulity that I received his indignant protestation that he had never once thought of me in connection with my wealth.

"Oh," said I, "it would not be strange if you had. You are a younger son, with the limited income which usually pertains to that class of the community, and an heiress is considered the natural prey of such. Besides, in this case you would bring an equivalent for everything I could bestow. Your elegant figure would balance my bank-stock; you could oppose your handsome head to my family mansion, and your eyes to my jewels—oh! I assure you, society would acquit you of any unfairness in the bill of exchange."

Reginald came to me, and taking my hands in his held them firmly, and looking into my eyes, said,

"Margaret, are you mad?"

"No, I am not mad," I replied, "although I sing 'all a green willow, willow, willow, willow,'" and disengaging myself from his grasp, in a clear and ringing voice, I travestied the actress of the day.

I thrilled with triumph as I sang. I had not lost my voice. Never had its tones been fuller or more melodious. I slid into a German song, one of those wild, melancholy strains which the composer must first have played upon his heart-strings. The embodiment of despair, but a despair so alluring, so appealing, that it enthralls the listener far more than the vulgar sounds of joy. I threw my whole soul into my voice. The purity and flexibility of its tones delighted me. I felt what I sang, and into the last verse I infused all the passion, grief, and intense longing which I had not permitted myself to express either by word or gesture.

Is it the passing bell
Reaches my lonely cell?
Ah! that it tolled for me,
Then I at rest would be;
No more of sighing,
In the grave lying.

Reginald's was one of those poetical natures which are almost entirely governed by externals. Beauty irresistibly attracted him; ugliness as instinctively repelled him. Cloudless skies and brilliant sunshine inspired him with the wildest gayety, while in lowering weather he was often gloomy almost to despondency. His ear was exquisitely sensitive to music, and a discord always made him shudder as if he had received a blow.

Acting upon this knowledge of his character, I tortured him with the agonies of alternate attraction and repulsion as the syren sweetness of my voice and the recollections which it aroused, impelled him towards me, while at the same time he was repulsed by my unlovely face.

"Margaret," he said, "how did you learn to sing like that? Your voice is unearthly—it is that of the German Lorelei."

"It is a new accomplishment which I have acquired with my new face."

Reginald looked down and played nervously with his gloves.

Drawing the betrothal-ring from my hand I approached him and laid it in his, saying,

"The king is dead! Long live the king!"

He understood its significance, and colored perceptibly.

"She will not love you more than I did, Reginald—and now, good bye."

He took my hand, hesitated as if about to speak, then dropping it, rushed from the room.

As if through a mist, I saw the door close behind him; then, conscious of a movement near me, turned and saw my aunt, who had been a silent witness of our parting.

"Aunty, it is a lovely day. I think a drive would do us both good. Will you order the carriage, please?"

I ran up the stairs singing, "It is better to laugh than be sighing."

Poor Maffio Orsini!

PART SECOND.

THE RAVEN.

The fact of my convalescence being now generally known, I was besieged by callers.

My feelings seemed to have become utterly calloused, and it was with the most perfect indifference that I received their glances of mingled horror and commiseration—their expressions of condolence and surprise.

One morning, about four days after my parting with Reginald, I was seated chatting with some friends, when Constance Balfour was announced. Constance and myself had been intimate friends since our childhood. I was therefore prepared for the strain of triumph that rang through her exclamation of "Oh! Maggie, how changed you are!" as she pressed her blooming cheek to my discolored face, and cast on the mirror a glance of entire satisfaction. After a profusion of caresses and rapidly enunciated inquiries as to my present health and past illness, a shaft flew.

"Captain Thurston has returned to London—did you know it?"

"Yes; he called to make his adieus."

"I did not know that you had seen him since—a—your recovery."

I knew that she lied, and I replied—

"Certainly I have; and I could not so easily have reconciled myself to his departure if I did not intend going there myself in a couple of months."

"You are going to London, then?"

The intonation was so peculiar, that I answered it rather than the words:

"Yes, Constance, I am going to London, and I shall still prove a dangerous rival, for

if I have lost my beauty, I have not my wealth, and you, although very beautiful, are also very poor."

The retort was vulgar, I grant, but vulgar minds must be met with vulgar weapons; they can be crushed by a mallet, when the delicate point of a lancet would not be felt.

The London season was now approaching, and the circle of my acquaintances widened rapidly. Each one pronounced in turn their "Au revoir in London"—and at last I was left alone.

For a few days I wandered through the long suites of deserted apartments like a discontented ghost. Time crept by me with leaden feet. The solitude and silence oppressed me. I knew that the only remedy for this was incessant occupation. One piece of work after another was begun, and thrown aside; they failed to interest me, or distract my attention from the thoughts which harrassed me.

One morning, as I was standing before a portrait of myself, painted fresh before my illness, it was suggested to me what I would do. I ran to get my pencils and paper, and seating myself before the portrait, commenced making a crayon drawing of the head.

Upon this I worked incessantly, faithfully reproducing the pearly skin, the faultless features, the brilliant dark eyes, and thick, shining curls of amber-colored hair. Then I drew behind it, and looking over its shoulder, the ghastly mark which I now wore, carefully delineating the spectral pallor, pinched features, and sunken, lifeless eyes, always surrounded by a livid circle.

On the completion of my work, I was surveying it with entire satisfaction when my aunt entered, and placed herself behind me.

"So, this is what you have been engaged upon for the last two weeks! What is the design?"

"I have called it Past and Future," was my reply.

"It is original, then?"

"Decidedly so," I replied, playing with my porte-crayon.

My aunt being very near-sighted, bent over the picture for closer inspection.

"Child! it is yourself."

"It is my two selves."

"Oh! Margaret, how could you do so?"

"I was incited by a powerful motive, dear auntie; Reginald desired a copy of my portrait, and I intend to surprise him with this. You perceive the sentiment is charming. His lady's portrait drawn by her own hand. It is worthy of the days of tournaments and chivalry. Imagine my faithful knight proudly displaying this faint reflection of my charms, and with tongue and pen proclaiming me the peerless Queen of Beauty."

"Margaret, you distress me beyond measure."

"Auntie, I am only seventeen, and notwithstanding my illness, I am as strong, and my vitality is as great as ever. How long do you suppose I shall live?"

My aunt's mild eyes fixed themselves upon me reprovingly.

"I hope, my dear, you will live long enough to do a great deal of good."

"Good! oh! I had not thought of that. I might display myself to the London belles as a proof that 'beauty is but skin deep,' as the saying is."

"Rather try to show them how beautiful the soul may become."

"I'll leave that to you, auntie—one saint in a family is enough." And kissing her lightly, I sprang through the open window into the grounds beneath.

The pale, wintry sky was streaked with dim-colored clouds, through which the sun shone at intervals. A melancholy wind murmured through the skeleton branches of the tall oaks, and whirled the sere autumnal leaves in giddy circles, showering the dank and sodden earth with gorgeous flakes of crimson gold and orange.

This dissolution and gloom of nature pleased and soothed me. I joyfully crushed under my feet the dying leaves, inhaling with delight the peculiar odor arising from the moist soil filled with the flores of decaying vegetation, and letting the wind blow upon my uncovered head, and cool my burning forehead.

But as I reached the great oak, which was the pride of Tudor Park, a spectre glared upon me.

I saw myself under this oak one day, as, triumphing in the splendor and flower-like perfection of my beauty, I stood, the centre of a halo of dazzling sunlight, and was told by Reginald that I was the only woman he had ever seen who could endure its keen and searching criticism.

Again, one starry night in June, the moonlight, streaming through its thick foliage, gleamed on Reginald's dear face, as he whispered in my ear vows of unalterable devotion, and a nightingale, from its leafy covert, poured forth in wonderful trills and cadences the happiness which I was striving to express in a few broken sentences.

The revulsion of feeling which these recollections occasioned me was terrible. I threw myself, face downward, upon the earth, and for a few moments yielded to the grief which overwhelmed me. As I rose, in all the sullenness of despair, a hoarse croak resounded above my head, and looking up, I saw a raven seated upon one of the lower branches of the oak, his head turned down, and his black shining eyes fixed upon me with what seemed a malicious glance. My mind reverted to the popular superstition, and, extending my hand, I exclaimed—"Oh, that the omen might prove true for me!"

The bird rose from the tree, and circling around my head two or three times, alighted upon my shoulder.

This strange confidence appalled me, and again and again I pushed my obtrusive companion from his perch, but again and again he persistently returned, fixing his crooked talons in my flesh, and filling my ear with his dismal croakings.

As I entered the house, I encountered Felicie, who uttered an exclamation, and held up both hands in horror.

"Quick! take him off from me!" I said frantically. But as I approached Felicie, she receded, crying—

"Oh! mademoiselle, la bete! la bete, ye nasty, horreed, oh—"

"Felicie, remove him this moment."

"J'ai peur!" said Felicie piteously, cautiously extending the extreme tips of her fingers till they touched the bird's back, and withdrawing them with a howl, as the raven testified his resentment by a strong peck at the offending hand.

"I must assist myself, then," said I, wrenching the bird from my shoulder, and holding and twisting his neck between my hands, notwithstanding his struggles, until he was dead. Then I ran up stairs to remove my torn dress and staunch my bleeding neck.

I was standing on the balcony upon which my window opened, when I heard voices beneath, and looking down, perceived Felicie, the centre of a group of the servants, who appeared to be assembled in solemn conclave.

"Ah! but you should see how she was angry," said Felicie, using abundant gesticulation. "She did look like une demoniaque—she did look like dis," and Felicie contracted her black brows, and showed a line of pearly teeth. "Ah!" continued she, "before dis maladie she was si douce, si amiable! and now"—Felicie shrugged her shoulders—"but then—ah! la pauvre mademoiselle! de loss of son amant—"

"What's that?" said the footman, approaching his stolid countenance nearer to Felicie's red cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"Lor! she do mean Captain Thurston," said a shrewd housemaid.

"It is true," said Felicie, nodding her head repeatedly.

"Pore young lady!" said the cook compassionately; "she wor like an angel, she wor—and now she be liker a corpse."

"And a corpse she will be before long, I hold my life on it," said the housemaid, who had before spoken, sinking her voice mysteriously. "That raving clutched to her liker she wor carrion than aught else."

"And she had better die," said the coachman, speaking loudly and authoritatively. "When a young 'oman loses her red cheeks and bright eyes, wot is she good for any longer?"

I retreated to my chamber, these words ringing in my ears.

When Felicie came in the next morning to assist at my toilet, I gave her a letter, which I directed should be mailed immediately.

A few moments after, my aunt fluttered into the room in her nervous manner.

"Really, my dear, most extraordinary! To send for your guardian at this season of the year, when business is most pressing! I do not understand it at all."

"It is very easily explained, however. I wish my house in town to be entirely refurnished, and have sent for him that we may consult together as regards the details."

"But, my dear—"

"The mischief is done now, auntie, so do not scold me; but prepare like a good dear to start for London by the next train, that you may be there to superintend the improvements and alterations which I intend to have made."

After a short period of hesitation and bewilderment, my aunt, who always complied with my demands, however unreasonable, consented, and withdrew to prepare her modest wardrobe for immediate removal.

I then despatched a messenger to the nearest carpenter, with the dimensions of a box in which to enclose my portrait, and sat down to write to Reginald.

DEAR REGINALD (I wrote)—

In happier days you desired a copy of my portrait. I take much pleasure in sending you, drawn by myself, a correct presentment of the woman you loved, and her whom you rejected.

When you look upon their inanimate features, imagine them both to express, with rose-red lips, and wan, discolored mouth, in the deep, smiling eyes, and these faded with grief and tears, the true affection always felt for you by MARGARET TUDOR

A very different spirit from that of Christian forgiveness animated me as I placed this in an envelope, murmuring, "That will strike deeper than a thousand reproaches!"

Three days passed listlessly and unsatisfactorily; but on the afternoon of the fourth day my guardian was announced, and came bustling into the drawing-room, where I was waiting to receive him.

We had not met before since my illness, and he was so evidently shocked at the change in my appearance, and so fearful that he should express it, that I hastened to relieve him by making a thousand inquiries with regard to my lady and his children, and this theme having been exhausted, I placed myself before him, and looking steadily in his eyes, said:

"I sent for you, Sir Henry, to tell you that I am going to die."

"Die! My dear child, not a bit of it. I'll lay you two to one you'll live long enough to box up your old guardian, by Jove!"

"If you will promise to attend my funeral first, I may, perhaps, in the course of time, attend yours."

"Well, well—your gayety hasn't taken flight with your"—here he checked himself.

"With my beauty, you would say. Guardian, you see what I am—do you remember what I was?"

"I remember that you were, and are, one of the richest heiresses in England."

I made an impatient gesture.

"All my wealth could not buy me one heart."

"Ah! You mean that affair with Thurston, my dear. That was a deuced ungentlemanly act on his part."

"You have heard of it, then?" said I, feeling myself redden, and then grow pale.

"By Jove! people will talk, you know."

"I had anticipated it. I ought not to be surprised," said I slowly.

"Neither be surprised or disheartened," interrupted my guardian. "There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. Come down to London with me, and I will introduce you to an earl who will gladly share his title with you for ten thousand a year."

"I neither wish to buy or be sold," I replied haughtily; "but, Sir Henry, I will place one year's income in your hands the day upon which you shall have followed my body to the grave."

"By Heaven! I believe the girl is bribing me to murder her."

"Did you never hear of a mock funeral?"

My guardian allowed a few moments for the idea to interpenetrate the somewhat shallow chambers of his brain, then said sharply,

"If I agree to this mad proposition, what becomes of your property?"

"My property I shall leave in your hands, of course."

"By Jove! you must make a will then. Ten thousand per annum is too large a sum to change hands without exciting some comment among outsiders."

"I will make a will, or do anything that is necessary to release me from this intolerable thraldom. You have heard of the living man who was chained to a corpse? I, also, am chained to my corpse, and if I die, we can be buried peacefully together, and from this grave perhaps I shall arise a new being."

While I was speaking, my guardian's eyes were fastened upon me with a peculiar expression. When I had finished, he bent them upon the ground, and remained silent as if absorbed in thought.

I began to walk slowly up and down the room waiting for him to speak, which he did presently in a voice so changed and constrained that I paused abruptly in astonishment.

"Where do you intend going when—after the occurrence of this desired event?"

"I had thought of France," I replied, "I always was desirous to visit Paris. From there I may go to Rome, Naples, or up the Rhine. I think I should thoroughly enjoy a German campaign."

"You will then—of course—provide yourself with—with supplies?"

I now remarked with surprise that Sir Henry's face, always bearing so full and healthy a color as almost to warrant the appellation of rubicund, had become quite livid, and his eyes looked sunken, and were infected with bile.

"Good heavens! Guardian, you are ill!" I exclaimed.

"I? oh, no! my head aches, that is all. Ride in the cars—confounded bilious, ah, are—you know."

But I really was alarmed, and rang for Felicie to bring me my cologne, and having persuaded him to lie down began to bathe his head, proposing at the same time to defer the subject under consideration until the morrow. To this he would not consent.

"I—I was speaking—of supplies," he said, turning his head uneasily on the pillow I had placed beneath it.

"If by supplies you mean funds for the prosecution of my foreign travels, I shall expect you to supply me as usual. All our business arrangements will be the same as before, as you will still be holding the property in trust for me, although nominally the owner of it."

Sir Henry groaned and hid his face on the pillow.

"Guardian, I should never forgive myself if I had fretted you into a fever by calling you from London," said I, passing my hand over his burning forehead.

"You fret me more by your persistency in believing me ill. I am not ill, and am waiting to hear more of your plans."

Upon this I resumed,

"I intend to take Felicie with me to France."

"By no means," said Sir Henry hastily, and half rising. "Your secret is endangered if shared by too many, and I will have nothing to do with such an affair if more than one woman, yourself, is concerned in it."

"Then what is to become of her?"

"Send her to London to your aunt. I will see that she is provided for."

"But I must see my aunt before—"

"I cannot permit that. Your aunt is a very good woman, but—"

"But she is a woman," I interposed, "and that is sufficient."

"You are right, though I consider you, in will at least, equal to any man under God's heaven."

"What a concession! you will make me vain, Sir Henry Lisle."

"I have no fear—now run away—perhaps I may sleep awhile."

I had reached the door, when he recalled me.

"I think the girl Felicie had best leave in the early stage to-morrow, as I shall bring a lawyer in the morning that you may make your will."

The next morning about ten o'clock Sir Henry came to inform me that the lawyer was waiting my pleasure.

In accordance with my guardian's directions I had sent Felicie to London, dismissed all of the servants with the exception of one stupid kitchen-girl, and written to my aunt that she might expect me in town in the course of two or three days, as Sir Henry had advised my presence during the arrangement of my house; and had then enclosed my portrait in its box, which I directed to Reginald with the minutest care. Afterwards I collected my jewels, of which I possessed a great quantity, many of them heirlooms, and all of great value, and packed them, together with the simplest attire I could select from my wardrobe, in one large trunk, which I locked and corded with my own hands, that I might be ready to leave Tudor Park at any moment.

I now descended to the ante-room, and having been introduced to Mr. Walcot by my guardian, said (still following Sir Henry's directions) that having just recovered from a dangerous illness, and being possessed of considerable property, I desired to make my will, that if I should again be exposed to death, I might be sure that I should leave my wealth in the hands of those whom I should wish to possess it.

My guardian had drawn up a schedule of my real estate, and personal property, all of which I devised to him, with the exception of ten thousand pounds to my aunt, (whom Sir Henry promised to retain in his household, if it accorded with her wishes,) and some legacies to the old servants.

This, having been duly signed and witnessed by two of my neighbors, I paid my lawyer, who departed, leaving me to prepare for the next act of the farce.

When Dr. Verner was admitted to my dressing-room, he found me seated in a large arm chair, my attitude simulating the indisposition which my ghastly face confirmed. I raised my head with an appearance of extreme langor, as he entered, and motioned to a chair, without speaking.

"My dear young lady!" said the good doctor, approaching me with such an expression of sympathy, that for a moment I felt ashamed of the part I was playing; and seating himself at my side, he compressed my wrist between his finger and thumb.

He released my hand with a sigh of relief.

"The pulse is perfectly healthful. What ill-feelings do you complain of?"

"It is very foolish to trouble you about such a little thing, doctor, but I suppose I have not regained my usual strength since that severe illness, and I find any unusual exertion or agitation causes a severe spasm here—" I laid my hand on my breast—"followed by a period of entire unconsciousness, during which I am as if dead."

Dr. Verner rose from his chair, and walked up and down the room with an appearance of great agitation—then pausing before me, he said,

"How long do you remain in this state?"

"The time varies—sometimes longer, sometimes shorter."

"Have you any idea of how long the last attack lasted?"

"About a quarter of an hour."

The doctor grew terribly pale.

"Why did not you send for me, Miss Margaret?"

"It seemed so foolish."

Dr. Verner grew paler, and his eyes filled with tears. He grasped my hand, his lips moved, but no sound came from them. I let my head fall back upon the soft cushions of my chair, my eyes still fixed on his face. At length he spoke—

"I do not like your symptoms, Miss Margaret. I will go home, and prepare some medicines, which I will send to you directly."

Saying this, he wrung my hand, and left the room so precipitately that he forgot his hat and cane. Picking them up, I ran after him, and heard his voice in the hall below, inquiring for my aunt. Upon learning her absence, he seemed greatly distressed, and the servant informing him that "Sir Henry" was there,

"Take me to him directly," he said.

I ran down the stairs, and leaving his hat and cane in the hall, went into the library, which opened out of the drawing-room, where I waited until I heard Dr. Verner take his leave of my guardian, when I slipped out, and confronted Sir Henry as he was returning to his own department.

"Well?"

My guardian was frightfully pale, and said,

"You have the heart-disease."

"I thought so."

"The doctor will write to your aunt this afternoon."

"Good! before she gets that letter, I shall be dead."

"Mr Rickingham has been fatally attacked, he fears, and before to-morrow morning Dr. Verner must ride over to Rickingham Villa, from which he may not be able to return for two or three days."

"Before he returns, I must be buried. Guardian, I shall die to-morrow. Are all your arrangements made?"

"Yes," said Sir Henry, almost inaudibly.

"Then I shall wish my baggage carried to H—— station this evening."

Sir Henry turned from me without speaking.

Poor guardian! he thinks this a frightful mockery—it is—but it must be done.

That night I slept the dreamless sleep of children. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

The Sewing Machine Premium Withdrawn.

Our offer of a Sewing Machine as a Premium is withdrawn for the present. This notice applies to the LADY'S FRIEND as well as to the POST.

MRS. WOOD'S STORY.

We regret that the non-reception from England by the last steamer of the advance sheets of Mrs. Wood's story of Oswald Cray, prevents the continuance of the story to the present number. We hope to receive the continuing portions in season to go on with the story in next week's paper—but of course this is entirely dependent upon their receipt in time. Whatever delay there may be, we trust will be pardoned by our readers, as it is totally beyond our power to avert it. Meanwhile we fill up the gap in Mrs. Wood's story, by beginning another story of great interest by a new correspondent.

The Ladies' National Covenant.

A movement has been begun in Washington by a number of ladies—including Mrs. Vice President Hamlin, Mrs. Senator Hale, Mrs Senator Wilson, Mrs. Senator Buckalew, Mrs. John W. Forney, Mrs. Bishop Potter, Mrs. Senator Lane, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. General Lane, Mrs. Representative Pike, Mrs Stephen A. Douglass, and Mrs Representative Ingersoll—for the purpose of inaugurating a new era of frugality and moderation in the expenditures of American households. Combined with this is also the idea of discouraging the use of articles manufactured abroad, in order that the gold of the country may be kept at home, and the currency thus appreciated in value.

These ladies have formed a society, of which we read as follows:—

THE COVENANT—A BADGE, &C.

The pledge or covenant (Art. 3d of the constitution) is as follows:

"For three years or for the war, we pledge ourselves to each other and the country, to purchase no imported article of apparel."

On motion of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, it was

Resolved, That the badge of the National Covenant shall be a black bee, with wings enamelled, according to nature, worn with a tri-colored ribbon, a little in front of the left shoulder.

On motion of Mrs. Ingersoll, it was

Resolved, That while, as the wives, and daughters, and women of America, we are ready and determined to practice self-denial for the benefit of the country and our sex, we earnestly request the men of America also to abstain from the use of imported articles, especially wines, liquors and cigars.

On motion of Mrs. Morris, it was

Resolved, That the women in the nation, sympathizing with the great object of this society, be and hereby are invited to copy the covenant, record their own names thereto, and, obtaining as many signatures as possible, forward the number (not the names) so obtained to the committee of their State.

From the "Address to the Women of America," adopted by the above society, we select the following passages:—

In the capital of our country we have the day organized a central society for the suppression of extravagance, the diminution of foreign imports, and the practice of economy in all our social relations. To this society we have given the name of "The Ladies' National Covenant." Its object is a good and generous one, which should inspire a spirit of patriotism worthy of women who are the glory of a great nation. For this society we have an example and precedent at once august and encouraging.

In 1770, the women of Massachusetts, actuated by the same impulse that inspires us, assembled in the city of Boston, as we have met here, and resolved to serve the country by an effort of self-sacrifice far greater than we are called upon to make.

On the 9th of February three hundred matrons, each the mistress of a household, met as we do now, and signed a pledge to abstain from the use of tea, the greatest luxury of the time, and the very life of all the social gatherings for which our New England ancestors were so famous. Three days after, twice that number of blooming young girls met in the same place, and signed like pledges. From that brave assemblage of women non-importation societies sprang up that produced an effect upon the mother country almost equal to that created by the success of our Revolutionary armies. * * * *

We the women of 64, have the same object to attain, and the same duties to perform, which were so nobly accomplished by the women of 76. Shall we not follow their example, and take up cheerfully the lesser burdens that the welfare of our country demands? They gave up the very comforts of life without a murmur; can we refuse when a sacrifice of feminine vanity is alone required? Can we hesitate to yield up luxuries that are so unbecoming, when the very earth trembles under our feet from the tread of armed men going down to battle, and almost every roof throughout the land shelters some mother lamenting the son who has fallen gloriously with his face to the foe, or a widow whose husband lies buried so deeply among the masses of slain heroes, that she will never learn where to seek for his grave?

When the wife of a great prince, whose husband was absent at the siege of Troy was urged by her friends to put on her royal robes, and be cheerful, she answered: "My husband is under the walls of Troy; shall I adorn my hair while he wears a helmet? Shall I dress in new robes while he carries arms? No! my raiment shall be like his hard labors, and in sadness will I pass the time of this mournful war."

It has not yet been sufficiently impressed upon us that the encouragement of extravagant importation is injurious to the public good. To impress this vital truth upon the women of the Union, we have entered into this solemn covenant, not only pledging ourselves to a general system of economy in our persons, but holding it as a duty to impress upon others how unwomanly it is to make outward display a paramount subject of thought, when the nation is in the throes of a rebellion such as the world never saw. Gathered here in the centre of the nation, a handful of women, in out on a single object, anxious only for a the good of the country, we appeal to the patriotism and intelligence of our sister women throughout the length and breadth of the land. *Let it be well understood, that every ounce of gold that goes from the country detracts from the pay of the soldier who is fighting for our salvation, and diminishes the wages of our sister women, who toil for their bread, into a miserable pittance that scarcely suffices to keep them from starvation.* The precious metal that flows from this country to Europe for the luxuries we do not need increases the price of gold here, depreciates the value of our national currency, and helps to sweep the necessaries of life beyond the reach of the working man.

It is a painful truth, for which we shall yet learn to blush, that the importations of the most expensive goods manufactured in Europe have been far greater during the war than at any time in the history of our country. The importations last week at the New York Custom-house alone amounted to five millions of dollars; and all that week—which will yet find its ignoble record in history—the streets of Washington were blocked up with weary soldiers, marching through mud, rain, or dust, down to the Army of the Potomac, which now lies with unabated courage waiting for the carnival of death which is almost flinging its crimson shadow over us.

For the good of our country and the honor of our sex *let us redeem ourselves from this reproach of wanton extravagance.* Let us prove by cheerful retrenchment that the women of this country are not so wedded to luxurious self indulgence that they cannot fill a glorious page in the history of this war and yet retain all that is retiring and beautiful in womanhood. In all humane works they have proved themselves charitable, kind, and munificent. Let them comprehend that self-negation will accomplish more than works of charity, and they will not be less earnest to sacrifice than they have been to act.

It must not be said of us that we have been willing to give up our husbands, sons, and brothers to fight or die for the Union and yet refuse to renounce our laces, silks, velvets, and diamonds. That thought would cover us with shame before the nations of the earth. No; our women of the Union only lack knowledge of the means by which they can prove themselves true help-mates of the heroes who are fighting our battles.

Impress it upon them that in discouraging excessive importations and adopting goods manufactured at home they keep gold in the country, reduce the rates of exchange, and establish confidence in the Government, and they will prove how far patriotism can rise above feminine vanity in the hearts of American women.

In order to invoke this spirit of self sacrifice, it is important that the great object of the covenant we have made should be broadly circulated and thoroughly understood. It discourages profligate expenditures of any kind, recommends the use of domestic fabrics wherever they can be substituted for those of foreign make, and advises simplicity of attire soon as a matter of policy and good taste. It asks the great sisterhood of American women to aid in this reform before it is too late. Thank God! science has given us the means of reaching thousands on thousands in a single hour. While we make this covenant, the thought that thrills our hearts may tremble in fire along the telegraph, and awake kindred inspirations throughout the entire land. By every means of communication in our power, let us urge the necessity of prompt action. In every town and village throughout the Union, some woman who loves her country is implored to establish an auxiliary society, and forward the names to the

ladies invited to act for the State in which her duty lies. We ask simultaneous action, earnest work, and general self-sacrifice at the hands of our sister women. With their ardent help, a work will be accomplished so important in its results, that the women who shares it may, hereafter, bequeather, leave the emblem of our object as the richest jewel that she can leave to posterity.

We may remark in relation to this "National Covenant" Scheme of the ladies, that so far as it proposes to make economy, frugal living and the avoidance of all display, fashionable and general, it has our unhesitating approval. Nothing can be in worse taste than the wearing of expensive and flashy articles of dress and jewelry by daughters and wives and mothers, while fathers and husbands and sons are engaged in a fierce and sanguinary war—more, when the lamentations of stricken families may be heard from one end of the land to the other. It is heathenish!—we recall the expression; the heathen were never guilty of such doings. To see the way in which many of our city ladies flaunt and drag their expensive dresses along our city thoroughfares, and remember what is going on in Virginia and Tennessee and Georgia and Louisiana, is enough to make one sicken with contempt and disgust.

Yes! let us by all means have a return to moderation and good taste and sound reason—but as to the pledge relative to the use of imported goods, we are not so certain as to its wisdom. A contemporary says:—

Of course, if there are no imports there will be no impost duties to collect, and the sixty or seventy millions of dollars which are annually paid (in gold, which is used to pay interest with—*Bal. Post*) into the U. S. Treasury from our import trade, will have to be collected from some other source, probably added to the income tax. From a letter published by Mrs. Swisshelm, it appears that President Lincoln does not much sympathise with the movement not from any financial reasons, but for fear of our foreign relations being disturbed. She says she called upon Mrs Lincoln to sign the pledge, who at once expressed her willingness; Mr. Lincoln was next consulted, and, after reading it, he remarked, with comic appearance of displeasure or alarm, "Ladies, you have no idea what a hornet's nest you are stirring up! In the present state of our foreign relations this will never do, etc., etc". On this expression of disapprobation, Mrs. Lincoln declined to sign it.

It is evident that so long as we purchase a large amount of goods abroad, we have all the influence of those who profit by that trade in favor of their governments maintaining peaceable relations with us.

Again—we have already a large amount of imported articles in the country, which may be had at moderate prices. Now if an unusual demand is created for American goods, it will be seen at once in the raising of their prices by the American manufacturers, who will reap a rich profit from the patriotism of the rest of the community. Besides, it is doubtful whether the necessary amount of goods for the country could be manufactured with the present amount of domestic machinery—and very certain that foreign wool would have to be purchased to do it with, as the amount of domestic wool yearly raised, does not suffice, we are informed, for even one-half of the present demand.

Neither is the large importation of foreign goods the principal cause of the advance in the price of gold. If not one dollar's worth was imported from abroad, gold would still rise in value in proportion to the over-issue of paper money. It is not the foreign importations of the so-called Confederate States which have so raised the price of gold with them, and so broken down the value of their currency. It was not the foreign importations which reduced the value of the Continental money in the Revolution to almost nothing. Heavy foreign importations doubtless have some share in the matter—but the principal and sufficient cause is the over-issue of bank and government notes.

If the country would or could submit to a yearly tax equivalent to the expenses of the war, greenbacks probably would be as valuable as gold.

If all Americans—men and women—would reduce their expenses to the smallest possible amount, and take their savings, as they accumulated, and lend them to the Government, by putting them in the 10-40 loan, they would soon find greenbacks very nearly on a par with gold.

This then, in our opinion, is what is really wanted:—Economy in all our expenditures, which would of necessity lead to only moderate importations of foreign articles of all kinds, and continued investments in the government loans. If the ladies will only give their influential aid to these two great ends—if they will make frugality fashionable, and sell their expensive jewelry and lend the money to the government by investing the proceeds in government loans, and encourage their husbands and fathers to invest their spare funds in the same way—they will entitle themselves to the thanks of all wise patriots, and to an honorable name in the history of this sad war.

THE NEW U. S. LOAN.

The 10-40 loan seems to be doing very well. In the first thirty nine days the large amount of $40 408,650 has been taken; while in the first thirty-nine days of the 5 20 bonds, only $5,626,850 was subscribed.

EVIDENTLY A MISTAKE.—We find the following going the rounds of the press:—

TENNYSON AND GARIBALDI.—Tennyson, after visiting Garibaldi, addressed him in the following sonnet:

True thinker and true worker, hand in hand,
Unlike but yet how like each hears his part;
Hero and poet with the same great heart,
In one the life-blood of the drowsy land
Pulses with sudden throb as beat the waves
Where the bone sea his rocky inlet laves;
The other, master of the mighty rhime
Had pierced the dusky mantle of past time,
And seen the shadows of the noble dead.
The healthy throng, with Arthur at their head—
Writing their Idylls in a death'less song;
Deeming perchance such life a trim ideal—
Its gentle strength, its fearless scorn of wrong—
Oh Garibaldi gazed, and found it real.

The above is evidently a mistake; Tennyson's visit to Garibaldi is the subject of the sonnet, which is the production of some other writer.

HOOP-SKIRTS.—In order to avoid the inconvenience sometimes experienced by the wearers of hoop skirts, in consequence of the folds packing together when sitting, a new style, called the Self Adjuster, has been invented, which it is claimed will readily carry the skirt to its place, and relieve the wearer from all inconvenience and anxiety. The Self Adjuster can be seen at Mrs. Allen's, Chestnut street, below Eighth street.

☞ A correspondent of the Manchester Examiner complains of the prevalence of "sermon factories" in England; clergymen subscribe £5 a year, and are furnished with a weekly supply of sermons.

☞ The following is genuine Alabama poetry. It is addressed by a female secesh to her lover in the Confederate army:—

"It's hard for you'uns to live in camp;
It's hard for you'uns to fight the Yanks;
It's hard for you'uns and we'uns to part;
For you'uns all know you have got we'uns hearts."

☞ A notary has forwarded to the Bank of France a brick with a 1,000f. note glued on it, which has been paid, and will be kept in the Bank Museum of Curiosities. It had been for fifteen years glued on the wall of a peasant's house, and considered as a pictorial curiosity by the man who found it, and who did not know its value.

☞ One farmer made a scarecrow so very frightful that an old crow went and brought back all the corn he had stolen for several days. Couldn't the farmer be induced to try his hand in the Government corn field?

Thus, Sinbad bore a weary load,
"The Old Man of the Sea;"
But he who Envy has bestrode,
A heavier one has he.

☞ A NOISY SET.—An old lady reading an account of the death of a venerable and distinguished lawyer, who was stated to be "the father of the Philadelphia Bar," exclaimed: "Poor man! he had a dreadful *noisy set of children!*"

☞ There is an oil excitement at Jackson, Michigan. While boring for salt, last week, workmen struck an oil-bearing stratum at a depth of one hundred and forty-seven feet.

☞ A singular accident recently occurred to Mr. Maro Chapman, of Hartford. He was holding up to the light a bottle of cider, which he had just shaken, when it burst in his face, and a piece of the glass cut his upper lip open, inflicting a gash entirely through and across the lip, leaving it hanging over, with moustache reversed.

☞ They have gingerbread sixty years old, but moist and fresh as though baked yesterday, on exhibition at Chicago. Its manufacture is a German secret.

CHARLOTTE, my darling! the dinner is waiting—
The voice of the waiter is heard on the stair;
The guests on their bosoms their napkins are pinning,
Charlotte, my darling! why lingering there?
Oh, hast thou forgotten how early was breakfast?
Or hast thou forgotten how late shall be tea?
We may be too late and shall not get any;
Charlotte, my darling! have pity on me.

Charlotte, my darling! come down from your toilet,
The fair capons gleam in the jelly's mild light;
Oh, where is the spell that once lay in plum-pudding?
Come down as you are, or I shan't get a bite;
Charlotte, my Charlotte! my faint voice is calling;
Ere long will be vanished both pudding and tart;
I shall be too late, and they won't leave me any;
Oh, why dost thou loiter when *they* must depart?
I *know*, I'm too late, and they won't give me any—
Oh, why didst thou loiter, thou loved of my heart?

☞ The emigration from Europe to this country this year will amount to a quarter million of persons. A majority of those who are crossing the ocean to better their condition are small farmers and mechanics, while others are attracted by the prospects of immediate employment at high wages and bounties in the army.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer*,
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Mrs. GEORGE PLITT, *Rec. Sec.*
Mrs P. M. CLAPP, *Assis. Sec.*
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Mrs. LATHROP.
Miss M. M. DUANE.

Our Annual Report not having been ready for publication in season, we make the following quotation from it:

The past year has witnessed the grandest and most signal victories of the war. Let us then, as we review the occasions for gratitude, resolve that we will redouble our exertions in behalf of the Sanitary Commission. So low have the funds of the central treasury been reduced during the past year, that it became necessary to resort to extraordinary means for its replenishing. Either the work must be greatly abridged, or a large amount of money raised to enable the Commission to meet its expenses. For this purpose the grand Metropolitan Fair was projected in New York; and the Great Central Fair in Philadelphia. If all that has been planned be fully carried out, we see no reason why a sum cannot be raised sufficiently large to enable the Sanitary Commission to materially increase its usefulness. But we must impress upon our associate managers, and upon all connected with our auxiliary societies, the importance of not suffering their interest in the Great Central Fair, to interfere with their ordinary work of furnishing supplies. A well known general connected with the Army of the Potomac, who has just passed through the city, upon his first leave of absence since the commencement of the war, predicts that this spring's campaign will be more sanguinary than any we have had. How necessary is it that we be prepared to meet it should it prove to be so. We have been taught time and again that the supplies sent *before* a battle are those which save the lives and assuage the sufferings of our brave defenders. Too late for them would arrive the offerings of those who have waited for the first tidings of the shock of arms before giving from their abundance. We have every reason for hoping that this will be the last year of the war. Let every woman do her share towards contributing to the comfort of those whose valor is to make it so; and not one demand will have to remain unanswered. There will be an abundance for all; but heretofore, much as the Sanitary Commission has accomplished, we have seen that a great deal more has had to be left undone for want of means. Those who have lost husbands, sons, or brothers in this war, need no urging; out to those whose households hold no vacant seat, we cannot refrain from appealing. *You* know but little of the desolation of this war; but you know enough to realize how eagerly you would give one half of your possessions, were it to save some cherished object of your love. You are not called upon to make this sacrifice: all that is asked of you is to hold in remembrance those whose lives you may be instrumental in saving, if you be but faithful to the duty which God has imposed upon the women of our land.

We this week give in our columns, the circular of the Ladies Committee on Musical Entertainments for the Great Central Fair; and the subjoined letters, as showing that the good work has already commenced:—

The Committee on Musical Entertainments invite the cordial co-operation of the Women of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware. In order to render their services effective, it has been deemed advisable to form Sub-Committees in the various districts, so that each may draw around itself the musical talent of its respective neighborhood, and by a series of Amateur and Professional Concerts, both Vocal and Instrumental, collect in the aggregate a large sum of money to be remitted to the Chairman of the Central Committee, who will record in a book expressly prepared for the purpose, the name of each donor or contributor, who by their accomplishments or their means, shall aid in this great and good work.

This book of record to be on exhibition during the Fair, and preserved in the Archives of the Sanitary Commission.

The attention of clergymen, of every denomination, is most earnestly entreated to this plan, since, owing to their official position, the services of their choirs can be, with great advantage, enlisted.

All persons who are interested in aiding the Sanitary Commission, are invited to form Sub-Committees, with the object of instituting such concerts.

Let us then be diligent in organizing, and use our best efforts in thus ministering to the wants of our sick and wounded men, the noble and brave defenders of our lives, our liberties, and our homes. Great and signal has been the success of our sisters in other cities.

Let us emulate if not rival them in their labor of love. Let no time be lost, but confer at once with the Chairman of this Committee, who will give any further information required.

MRS. WILLIAM BIDDLE, 1500 Locust,
Chairman of Central Committee.

West Chester, April 26th.

MRS. BIDDLE.

My dear Madam—please accept the enclosed sum ($20) from the undersigned, for the Sanitary Fair, being the proceeds of the *first* Concert yet given in West Chester for the above purpose. A small family concert at a private dwelling house.

MRS. WM. T. HAINES and others.

April 29th, 1864

My dear Madam,

Allow me, in the name of the Committee, to thank you for your favor of the 26th, enclosing twenty dollars as the proceeds of a family concert. It is the most acceptable, as it will, I hope, be an example to others. I have been most anxious that ladies should get up such family concerts, as being free from great expense, the profits are more sure. Above all, they tend to cultivate, and extend to all circles the feeling of patriotism, of which we can give no more gratifying proofs than by doing all in our power to allay the sufferings of the sick and wounded.

As we enter the programme of Concerts in the book in which the proceeds are recorded, you will oblige me by sending some of yours. MRS. WM. BIDDLE,
1500 Locust St.,
Chairman Ladies Committee on Musical Entertainments.

We have received four boxes of contributions for the Great Central Fair from San Francisco; but as no letter accompanied them, nor invoice, we are as yet unaware of their contents or the names of the donors. It brings us very near to California to receive such marks of sympathy in our great work from her people.

Since writing the above, a letter has been received announcing that the boxes are sent by the ladies connected with the late Rev. T. Starr King's church in San Francisco. The letter closes with the following lines:

"The ladies have had only a week to collect their contributions, but hope they will prove acceptable and lucrative. Assuring you that although bereft of their great Sanitary leader and beloved pastor, (Rev. Thos Starr King,) the echoes of his eloquent appeals in behalf of the sacred cause are still reverberating through their hearts. Wishing you great success in your undertaking, we are very cordially your friends.

"MRS. M. B. HARRIS,
"In behalf of the Ladies."

We have received from New Orleans this week a requisition for 1 000 muslin shirts, which were immediately forwarded. Sheets and towels are now the articles most needed.

DONATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 2d, 1864.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

PENNSYLVANIA.

Northwest Soldiers' Aid, Mrs. Weaver, Sec'y, 1 pkg; Mrs. Joseph Sill, 1 pkg; Soldiers' Aid, Columbia Cross Roads, Mrs. F. B. Aelis, Sec'y, 1 box; St. Clement's church, Mrs. P. M. Clapp, Sec'y, 1 pkg., Ladies' Aid, Canton, Bradford co., Mrs W. S. Baker, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Milton, Northumberland co., M. L Lawson, Sec'y, 1 firkin; Ladies' Aid, Friendsville, Susquehanna co., Mrs. Anna Foster, Sec'y, 1 bbl.; Miss Sully, 1 pkg; Soldiers' Aid, Forest Lake, Susquehanna co., Mrs. J. Wright, Sec'y 1 bbl.; Ladies' Aid, Nittany and Bald Eagle, Clinton co., Miss H. E. McCormick, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Mahanoy, Schuylkill co., 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Reading, Berks co., Miss Clara C. Gries, Sec'y, 2 boxes, 1 firkin; First Presbyterian church, Mrs. Wm. Purves, Sec'y, 2 pkgs.; Aid Society, Westfield, Tioga co., L. J. Goodspeed, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Stroudsburg, Monroe co., Miss A. M. Stokes, Sec'y, 1 bbl.; A. M Sewing Society, 1512 Spruce st., 1 pkg.; Soldiers' Aid, Chatham Valley, Tioga co., Reuben Morse, Sec'y, 1 box; Chester County Central Aid, Mrs. Rachel S. Price, Sec'y, 1 box; Industrial Branch, Mrs. Mary C. Roberts, Sec'y, 1 pkg; Ladies' Aid, Auburn, Schuylkill co., Miss H. Crawford, 1 bbl.

VICTORY.

Success is counted sweetest,
By those who ne'er succeed;
To comprehend a nectar
Requireth sorest need.
Not one of all the purple host
Who took the flag to-day
Can tell the definition
So clear, of victory,
As he—defeated—dying—
On whose *forbidden* ear
The distant strains of triumph
Burst agonized and clear!

☞ "Great interest has recently been excited in the artistic world here," says a Paris letter in the Saint Public, of Lyons, "by a fine portrait of Madame Victoria Lafontaine, painted by an artist named Felu, born without arms, but who plies the pencil very dexterously with his feet. This is not the first instance of the kind; for, during the reign of Louis Philippe, several of the annual exhibitions at the Louvre comprised paintings by M Ducornet, of Lisle, who appended to his signature the words 'Painter without arms.'"

☞ Sir Peter Lely made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did so his pencil took a tint from it. Always apply the same rule to bad books and bad company.

☞ Gen. Garibaldi's simple habits have been in no wise departed from since his sojourn at Stafford House. He rises at five and breakfasts at six, the meal consisting of bread, grapes, cheese, and a glass of wine. He then smokes a cigar, while walking in the grounds attached to the mansion.

☞ Two Stamford chaps made a bet the other day as to how much water they could drink respectively, and managed to worry down, the one 11 and the other 12 full glasses in less than an hour.

ONE OF THE BEGGARS.—An exceedingly seedy and ragged foreigner called at the office of one of our citizens the other day, soliciting charity. He received one dollar, and was very profuse in his thanks for the relief granted him in his great necessity. The next day he called again, and while waiting for his benefactor to be at leisure, he stood before the mirror, primping his hair, and admiring the effect of the various changes his fancy from time to time suggested. These proceedings of course attracted the attention of the gentleman who had been so moved the day before at the sight of the tattered garb still worn by the beggar. As soon as his hair had been arranged to suit his ides of elegance, the beggar turned and remarked that he had spent the generous gift of the preceding day in the purchase of a *bottle of hair oil*, and that he was very much pleased with the effect of it upon his personal appearance! The coolness and innocence of the fellow moved the gentleman to bestow another dollar upon him. The beggar thanked him for sparing his feelings, in not calling him to ask for renewed charity!—*Portland Transcript.*

RIFLES, VS. MUSKETS.

BY W. C. M.

[The *Portland Transcript*, from which we take the following, says it is written by one who has had a large experience on battle-fields, having been in most of the great battles of the Army of the Potomac since its first organization, beside the recent battle in Florida, in which he was severely wounded:]

It is yet to be demonstrated that the substitution of the rifle for the smooth-bore musket, as an arm for the mass of our infantry, has increased either the offensive or defensive power of our armies. That many of the improved patterns of rifles may be used to advantage by select corps—who thoroughly *appreciate* their advantages, and have the skill to handle them, no one doubts, but we think that the experience of the past three years has shown, that in the hands of the common soldiery, the simple arm is the most effective.

It is not to be regretted that the chivalry of warfare has been slowly vanishing before the rapid advance of military science during the past two or three centuries—or that an appeal to arms has become the last, instead of the first resort in the adjustment of personal and national differences; but we question if the increased destructive power of modern arms compensates for the tendency which they give those who bear them to remain at the greatest possible distance from the enemy, at which they can inflict injury:—too far to take advantage of any temporary disorder of the enemy;—too far for prompt movement of masses to be made—without being anticipated and provided for—and too far to reap the full fruits of victory; thus giving us, instead of short, decisive combats, protracted sieges and engagements, with frightful losses to both parties, the question at issue being as far from settlement as before.

We will venture to say, that of the three or four hundred thousand veterans now in our service, who have carried rifles during the war, not one in ten can hit a board at two hundred yards—three times out of five. What degree of proficiency may then be expected from our large force of colored troops, who have been forbidden by the laws of the slave states to have or handle fire-arms of any description? Most certainly we cannot rely much upon their brief military experience in our service—for—thanks to their enemies in high places, they have had three days' labor with the spade to one of instruction with their arms—from their first enlistment.

In the recent battle at Olustee, Fla., the injuries inflicted by our forces were not more than half as severe as those we received,—not because the colored troops, who composed three-fifths of the whole force engaged, did not fight bravely, for their heavy losses attest their courage and endurance—but because the larger proportion of them were armed with foreign rifles of long range which were not half as effective in their hands at the short range, at which we were engaged as would have been the common musket with ball and buck cartridge, with which a large proportion of the enemy were provided. The smooth-bore musket is much less expensive than the rifle, more easily kept clean and serviceable, and becomes foul in action only after forty or fifty discharges, while the rifle is loaded with great difficulty after the fifteenth or twentieth round.

At Fair Oaks, my Springfield rifle, which is superior in every respect to the Enfield, French, Austrian, or Belgian arms, became so foul, that in ramming home the fifteenth round, I ran the rammer nearly through my hand. Frequently in action I have been obliged to use the worm and ball-screw—before I could continue firing.

In the European armies only a select corps are furnished with the rifle, the rifle regiment being formed by selecting the best marksmen from the infantry of the line, and from the rifle corps are selected, with great care, the sharpshooters. Yet we find in our newly-created army regiments composed principally of late conscripts, (as in the case of the Seventh New Hampshire,) provided with Colt's or Spencer's revolving rifles—with which new troops will most likely expend their sixty rounds of ammunition in a few minutes without inflicting so much injury as they would by a more judicious expenditure. Officers find it difficult to restrain their men from firing too rapidly rather than the contrary.

It would doubtless be judicious to give the two flank companies of each regiment a superior arm, as they are most frequently called upon to cover the movement of the battalion, either as skirmishers of flankers—but for the mass of the army, many of our most observing and best informed generals consider the old arm the best.

☞ MARRIAGE OF COLORED PERSONS IN NEW ORLEANS.—A New Orleans correspondent writes as follows: "Gen. Bowen, Provost Marshal General, has just issued an order that all colored persons in the Department who are or have been living together without authority, must now be married and receive a marriage certificate from the Provost Marshal of the parish. This order has been the occasion of numerous jollifications among the negroes."

☞ There is a dog in Boston named Quota, because he never seems to be full.

LATEST NEWS.

The Army of the Potomac was engaged on Wednesday and Thursday in fighting Lee's army. The contest on Thursday appears to have been very hot, and the losses on both sides heavy. The advantage has been gained by the Union forces. Lee made a desperate attempt to break our centre, but was foiled. The rebels are said to have been forced back some distance, and at last accounts were believed to be retiring, with General Grant in pursuit. A telegram is said to have been received at Washington, at a very late hour on Sunday night, giving highly favorable news of the battle on Friday. The only official information which the Government has of the fighting, is a despatch from the Medical Director, notifying the Surgeon-General that our wounded, numbering from 6 000 to 8,000, were being sent to Washington, and a requisition for the chief quartermaster for seven [illegible] grain, and for railroad constructive trains. This would indicate that Grant was still to advance. The latest despatches say that our troops have won a glorious victory so far, and are in high spirits.

General Sigel, with his force, occupies the Shenandoah Valley, and is in position to threaten the enemy from that quarter, to co-operate with General Grant, as circumstances may require.

Advices from Fortress Monroe by the steamer Western Metropolis, at New York state that on the 5th the 1st and 2d regiments of colored cavalry dashed across Chickahominy, and two companies (mounted) charged into the camp of the Virginia cavalry. The rebels were pursued to within ten miles of Richmond. Our forces from City Point moved on Petersburg the 6th, when the rebels set fire to the city and abandoned it. The U S gunboat Commodore Jones was destroyed by a torpedo while on picket duty in the James river near Turkey Bend. Several officers and men were killed, and about forty wounded.

General Butler's forces from Fortress Monroe embarked on transports at Yorktown on Tuesday night and Wednesday, and were taken up James River. A successful landing was effected at several points near City Point on Tuesday. Our [illegible] tors and gunboats all crossed the bar at Harrison's Landing and above City Point. The latest information from the expedition is that Petersburg has been occupied.

NEW YORK, May 8.—The Tribune's official says news has been received by the Government that Gen. Sherman is fighting his way through Tunnel Hill successfully and pressing upon Dalton. The enemy are falling back, leaving his dead and wounded in our hands.

The Federal forces now at Alexandria, La., is reported at 35 000 strong. The rebel force is quite heavy, under Kirby Smith, Magruder, Taylor, and others.

The officers of the White Cloud report that a flag of truce, with a demand for the surrender of Alexandria, was sent to Gen. Banks the day the boat left that place, with what result was not known.

Gen. Steele has been compelled to return from Camden to Little Rock by the shortness of his supplies. He left Camden on the 26th ult. On the 1st inst. his cavalry had reached Little Rock and his main force was within forty miles of the place. The enemy harassed him during the entire march, but did not inflict much damage. Gen. Steele found it necessary to destroy his trains and burn the bridges behind him as he passed.

A brigade of Forrest's men were defeated on Monday last near Bolivar, by the advance of Gen. Sturgis's cavalry force.

☞ According to the Portland Press, a gentleman in Limington, Me., following the advice of some one in cases of balkiness in horses, seized his horse by the tongue, when the animal suddenly jerked back, and the tongue came out by the roots. In another case to cure kicking a rope was passed around the hind leg of the horse and then carried into his mouth. The first time the animal kicked the jaw broke. Both horses were immediately killed.

☞ The following are the prices of things at St. John, N. B:—"Wood per cord, $8 coal per ton $4; flour per bbl., $5; butter, per lb., 18@25c.; beef per lb., 5@10c. for best cuts. Clothing of all kinds can be bought for half the prices paid here. Board at first-class hotel, for man and wife, $5.50 per week." And yet the St. John's people are coming over to us by the scores.

☞ Mr. Peter Bocelle died in Oswego on the 17th ult., at the age of 110 years, 4 months and 26 days. The old veteran retained his consciousness to the last. Mr. Bocelle was of French descent, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., April 22, 1753. He has had two wives, the second of whom is now living, and is 83 years of age. He has had in all twenty-five children, mostly boys. The oldest a male, died at the age of 82. He enjoyed life, possessing a contented mind, and with a heart ever grateful for the benefits bestowed by a kind Providence, he was, although a poor, a happy man.

☞ In Messina, Sicily, a new normal school has been opened, but we should judge that the soil was rather rough to work in. One of the Cyadies of that fix writes, in reply to an invitation to have a girl educated in the school, that the utility of female education was not recognized in his department, where they were mostly engaged in tending goats, and that education was an article of luxury only belonging to big cities, and never to poor and miserable communities.

☞ Major Gen. Dix says the bounty brokers of New York have robbed recruits of $400 000.

☞ A Scotchman having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him that he might help himself. The master said to him: "Sandy, you take a long time to breakfast." "In troth, master," answered he, "a cheese o' this size is nae soon eaten as ye may think."

NEWS FOR THE MOTHER AT HOME.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Under the flag he lies—
This brave young soldier from the West;
His boyish lips and gold-lashed eyes
Sealed in pathetic rest.

The wind from the open door
Lifts from his brow the glitt'ring curls,
And kisses his cheek, so fair, so pure,
With a kiss like a tender girl's.

Not more than a score of times
Have the Springs and Summers of life so dear,
Looked into his eyes and babbled rhymes
Of Hope in his poor young ear;

Not more than a score of years
Have rounded his slight limbs into grace,
And manhood's chrism of doubts and fears
Will never darken his face.

Yet despite of his youthful air,
Of his bright young head which will ne'er be gray,
Well may ye wipe your eyes and stare,
When ye hear how he fell that day.

Boy though he was and is
And will be now eternally,
Looking into his Heavenly Father's eyes
With a pure felicity:

Boy though he was and is,
(Smooth cheek and a private's uniform),
The blood of a hero throbbed, I wis,
In his pulses full and warm.

Not back 'mid the laggard ones,
But down where the fight was densest, worst,
Pressing up to the very mouth of their guns
With the bravest and the first—

He dropped with his face to the foe,
He would not have turned him if he could;
Ah me, the bullet that laid him low
Was thirsty for loyal blood!

Look—here is the fearful wound—
How it wrenched the purple veins apart!
Aye! weep—'twas his *mother's face* they found
That had turned the ball from his heart;

Alas! in a distant state,
(Come starry night—come sunny morn),
That face thro' the years must watch and wait
In vain for her youngest-born!

When you take her the miniature,
With this deep, dark dent in its golden case;
When you stand by her side in the soft spring-tide,
And look on her living face;

When you lay on her passive knee,
This shining tress from her soldier's head,
And her heart in its mighty misery
Cries out for its darling dead—

Then tell her her boy still lives!
Tho' the lip is silent, the eye grown dim—
He lives with a newer, truer life
Than the one *she* gave to him.

Up in the gardens of Paradise,
With the light of the Throne on his clustering hair,
Songs on his lips instead of sighs,
Perennial joy in his clear, young eyes—
O childless mother! more fond than wise,
Thy boy—thy boy lives *there!*

Philadelphia, April 27th, 1864.

THE STATION-MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

I had lost sight of my old college-chum, Fred Pepper, for several years, till I accepted an invitation from him last autumn to stay a week with him at his home in one of the midland counties. According to arrangement, he met me at Wallington Junction, a station about twenty miles from his house, the remainder of the journey having to be performed on a branch-line of railway.

"You will have to take a fresh ticket here," said Fred, after I had alighted from the train, and we had greeted each other with a hearty shake of the hand. "You will find the booking-office at the upper end of the platform."

I went to the window indicated by my friend, and obtained the needful ticket; noticing at the same time, that I was waited upon by a young woman—rather an unusual case in England, I believe, though not so unfrequent in Scotland; quite a mite of a young woman, so slenderly proportioned was she, so slight of figure; with large, shy, brown eyes, and brown hair; with small, pale, clearly-cut features; hardly to be called pretty, but with an expression of candor and good temper that was infinitely pleasing; having on a dress of dark-gray wincey, with the neatest little collar and cuffs imaginable, and a bow of pink ribbon to set off the whiteness of her slender throat; and with a dainty activity in her every movement that was very beguiling to look upon. Whatever touches of adornment the otherwise dingy office had received were due to her busy little fingers; to her evidently belonged the three pots of scarlet geraniums, and the box of mignonette in the window; the canary, lively and loud-voiced, in its circular wire-cage; the elaborate piece of embroidery on the desk; and a green-backed volume of poems.

"Are all your booking-clerks in this part of the country as charming as the one who has just waited upon me?" inquired I of Fred.

"Ah, you have seen little Madge Carliston, I suppose," said he; "but you must not expect to find another like her. Have you never heard of her before? Well, then, I must relate to you a little circumstance which happened three or four years ago, and which made Madge quite a heroine in these parts. Let us secure a compartment to ourselves, and then you shall have it."

My friend was well known on the line, and the guard civilly locked the door at his bidding, and secured us from intrusion. Having fixed ourselves therefore comfortably in opposite corners, Fred proceeded to favor me with the following narrative, while the train wound leisurely along through a level fruitful country, well wooded, and watered by numerous streams, with the yellow September sunshine lighting up the landscape like a pensive smile.

"Two years ago," commenced he, "old David Carliston, the father of Madge, was station-master at Birkwood, a little roadside place, about fifteen miles from Wallington Junction. David had been a soldier in his younger days, could show two or three medals, and had probably obtained his post on the line through the interest of some friendly director, rather than from any particular aptitude he himself displayed. He had been a widower for many years, and his small household was managed by his daughter Margaret, or Madge, as she was generally called by her father and every one else.

"There was very little traffic, either goods or passenger, at Birkwood; in fact, it had not been opened till several years after the completion of the rest of the line, and then only at the instance of two or three influential county families, who wished to have a station in convenient proximity to their houses, so that the life led by David and his daughter was a very lonely one; the village of Birkwood itself, which contained only about a couple of hundred inhabitants, lying a mile and a half away down the main road.

"It thus fell out that Madge, having much leisure time on her hands, gradually initiated herself into the duties of a clerk at a small station; being, indeed, very nimble with her pen, and in that respect the reverse of David, who found sufficient occupation to his mind in attending to the signals, and the outside work generally, and in digging his little plot of garden ground, part of an embankment running parallel with the line. David's duties were over by eight o'clock in the evening, there being no train which stopped at Birkwood between that hour and seven in the morning; and having seen that his night-signals were all right, the old soldier would, if the weather were fine, generally trudge down into the village, to smoke his pipe and drink an evening glass at the Farriers' Arms, at which place, by virtue of his military experiences and his two medals, he was looked upon as a hero whose dictum was in no case to be disputed. These nightly visits to the Farriers' Arms were a source of no small disquietude to Madge, for it not unfrequently happened that David, rendered forgetful by the excitement of congenial company, and by the rude but genuine applause which always greeted his stories of warlike adventure, would imbibe more of the Farriers' heady home-brewed than he could conveniently carry, and would reach home at a late hour in a state which permitted no recollection the next morning of how he got there. A few quiet words from Madge, while the freshness of his remorse was still upon him, had always the effect of restraining his vagaries for several weeks to come, when some evening the temptation would again prove too strong for him, and he would have his "fling," as he called it; to be followed, as before, by a season of penitence, and more futile resolutions not to transgress again.

"It was hardly likely that such a girl as Madge Carliston could have reached the age of seventeen, even in a remote place like Birkwood, without having suitors for her hand. Part of the attraction, too, in this respect, might be due to the fact, that old David had, a short time before, been the recipient of a legacy amounting to two hundred pounds, which, as he was fond of boasting in his cups, had been put untouched into the bank, there to accumulate for the ultimate benefit of his daughter. Of the unfortunate rejected ones who had been sent about their business, with no measure of hard words, but with a gentle refusal, uttered half reluctantly, as though she were unwilling to inflict so much pain, the only one known to me by name was young Will Ferguson, a guard on the line. Will had tried his fortune, and had been rejected, like others before him; but whether there was something in Madge's soft refusal which would not permit him to despair of success, or whether it was owing to the constancy and true nature of his affection he still went on loving as before, and would by no means take his rejection as final. 'It's a woman's privilege to change her mind,' he would say; 'and who knows but that Madge may change hers.'

"Will's most formidable rival was handsome black-eyed Dick Carradus, son of Lord Alfreton's bailiff—a village scapegrace, who had been turned out of doors by his father some years before; had then gone to Australia, and had come back, after being five years away, quite as poor as he went, and was now living at home on sufferance till something should turn up likely to suit his lazy abilities.

"Dick had not been back long before he singled out little Madge Carliston as the object of his attentions. He began by paying court to her father, and would lounge up to the station of a morning, having no work of his own to engage him, and smoke and chat with the old man between trains, listen with respectful attention to his long winded stories, retail the latest village news, and give him now and then a helping-hand with his garden; so that, after a time, the morning seemed long and dull which was not enlivened by a visit from laughing, good-tempered Dick. To Madge, he made no open profession of his love, being quick enough to perceive that she was one of those who are not to be won in a day; but he let her see in twenty different ways how constantly she dwelt in his thoughts. To what extent he succeeded in winning her affections, no one ever knew; but that she was inclined to favor his suit, seems certain; indeed, it would have been strange if a girl of her limited experience and slight knowledge of the world, without any previous liking for another, had remained insensible to the manifold attractions of Dick. His eyes were so bright, his laugh was so ready and so genial, his temper seemed so unspoiled by the world, of which he had seen so much, that it was no wonder Madge felt the fortress of her heart begin to give way before the fascinations of a suitor so blithe and *debonnaire*.

"Matters had progressed thus for some months, without seeming to progress at all, when, one autumn forenoon, Dick lounged up to the station accompanied by a stranger, whom he presented to David, as his friend Mr. Kulp, from Australia. Madge, who was looking on unseen from behind the blind that shaded the open window, thought she had never seen a more sinister and ill-looking visage than that of Mr. Kulp. He was dressed in a new, shiny suit of black, in which he looked very awkward and ill at ease, his great horny hands being especially difficult to dispose of, and wandering incessantly into his pockets and out of them again; he would evidently have felt more at home in the red shirt and highlows of a digger. His face and neck were the color of a brick, and his shaggy red hair and long red beard, rudely trimmed by some country barber, did not add to the attractiveness of his appearance. His features were bold, and sufficiently well shaped; but the expression of his eyes was so thoroughly bad, that it was impossible to be mistaken as to the nature of the soul that gazed loweringly out of their treacherous depths. Madge could not help wondering to herself how it happened that laughing, careless Dick had come to choose such a man as this Kulp for his companion; and when her father called to her to go out to him on the platform, she pretended not to hear him, but stole away noiselessly to her own room up stairs, and shut herself in.

"'Dang the girl!' said old David irately; 'she either don't hear, or else she's stupid, and won't come because there's a stranger here. But sit down, lads, sit down, and I'll go an ddraw a jug of beer myself.' So David went into the house, and presently returned with a jug of ale and some glasses; and Mr. Kulp having produced some cigars, the three sat down on one of the benches outside the station, and proceeded to enjoy themselves after their own fashion.

"'We had Lord Alfreton's family here yesterday afternoon,' said David after a while. 'There was three truck-load of luggage and things, besides eight horses, and a lot of dogs; and a rare lot of money it came to. Fact is,' continued the old soldier, 'I never was so busy since I came here as I've been this morning; for Baylis, the cattle-drover, sent me word a week ago to get him twenty wagons ready by this morning; and sure enough, by five o'clock he was here with a lot of staring half-mad bullocks; and rare and cold it was too at that hour; but we got them all safe into the trucks, and the engine fetched them at eight o'clock—quite a little train of themselves. And then Baylis came into the house, and had a bit of breakfast with me; and paid me for the carriage of the cattle. Why, lads, I shall have over a hundred and fifty pounds to send to bank in the morning. I'll warrant such a thing never happened before since Birkwood was a station;' and the old man chuckled to himself as he emptied his glass, and seemed to look upon the whole matter as an excellent joke.

"Shortly afterwards, Dick and Mr. Kulp took their leave; the former depositing on the window-sill a little bunch of flowers for Madge, who still kept resolutely within doors. The two walked slowly down the road, conversing earnestly together; Mr. Kulp apparently endeavoring to impress some important point on the attention of the half-reluctant Dick; and in a few minutes the latter came hastily back, and going up to David, who was busy digging in his garden by this time, said:

"'You'll be down at the Farriers' to-night, won't you, governor? There's to be a bit of a dahlia-show among the villagers, and they'll be sure to want you to act as one of the judges.'

"'I'll drop down, lad, after the eight o'clock train has gone, and that's as soon as I can leave—not that I know much about dahlias, but I can give my opinion, I dare say, as well as another man.'

"So, with a renewed good-morning, Dick finally departed, and having rejoined Mr. Kulp, who was lounging over a gate waiting the return of his friend, the two went on their way together, and were quickly lost to view.

"All these proceedings had been witnessed by Madge from her eyrie, but she had been too far away to hear the conversation between Dick and her father in the garden. When she was certain that the two were finally gone, she stole down stairs, and taking possession of the flowers, kissed them, and put them carefully into water; then she went about her work, humming an old song to herself; but she could not get rid of the idea that the malignant eyes of Mr. Kulp were furtively watching her wherever she went.

"When David had attended to the eight o'clock train, he went into the house and changed his hat and coat, telling Madge that he was going down into the village, but that he should not be late home. Madge was too much accustomed to her father's evening absences to think anything of this, and had learned from experience that when he announced his intention of being home at an early hour, he was pretty sure to be later than common. Having arranged his neck-tie to her satisfaction, and given him a parting kiss, she stood watching his retreating figure till it had disappeared down the darkening road, and then went back indoors, and having made up the fire, and lighted the candle, she sat down to her sewing, quite content to pass the long evening all alone in the solitary station-house.

"Having sewn till she was tired, she put her work away, and then got out her hymn-book, and marked one or two hymns to be sung by her scholars at school on the following Sunday; then she read a while; and then, all unconsciously to herself, her eyes softly closed, and she knew nothing more.

"She was roused by the clock close above her head striking eleven, and at the moment she opened her eyes she was startled by seeing, or believing that she saw, the handle of the door on the opposite side of the room slowly and noiselessly turned, as though some one were trying to open it from the outside. The door in question led on to the platform, but fortunately she had shot the bolt into its place after seeing her father down the road. The blood thrilled through her heart as she gazed with a sort of horrible fascination on the revolving handle, and in a moment she was as thoroughly awake as ever she had been in her life. She listened, with all her senses on the alert, but the silence remained unbroken save by the ticking of the clock, and the faint singing of the telegraph wires in the breeze outside. She kept her eyes fixed intently on the door for what seemed to her an intolerably long time, but there was no movement, nor any sign of life other than her own beating heart; so, with a sigh of relief, she at length wrenched her eyes away, and persuaded herself that, in the confusion of that first waking moment, her senses must have misled her. The hour was late, and her father could not be long now; so she would just make everything secure below stairs, and then go and lie down on her bed without undressing, in readiness to run down at his first knock.

"It was hardly pleasant going about the house after seeing that strange movement of the door-handle, but she nerved herself to the effort, although the eyes of Mr Kulp seemed to stare out at her with baleful intensity from every dusky corner, and to lie in wait for her behind every door. But the task, after all, was only a short one; and when she had seen that all the doors and windows were properly secured, and that there was nothing to be feared from the fire, she took up her candle, and walked slowly and steadily up the short flight of stairs which led to her own and her father's bedrooms, on the upper floor. After glancing into the latter room, and seeing that the cash-box was there as usual, on the chest of drawers, she passed forward into her own chamber, the window of which looked out at the back of the station, and down the road that led to the village.

"It was David's custom, as an extra measure of precaution, to place the cash-box in his bedroom over night. After the departure of the last train, he made up his receipts for the day, and put the amount into the box which travelled backward and forward between the bank and the station, ready for conveyance to head-quarters; so that, when Madge saw the box where it always stood over night, she felt quite satisfied as to its safety, and never once thought whether the amount it contained might be great or small.

"Perfectly assured by this time that the movement of the door-handle was a pure piece of imagination on her part, and having quite recovered the steadiness of her nerves, now that she was safe in her own little bower, she sat down in front of the glass, and leisurely proceeded to brush out her long brown hair, pausing now and then to smell at the bouquet left by Dick, and humming a familiar tune to herself, wondering how much later her father would be, and becoming more anxious, as the time verged on towards midnight, as to the condition in which he would reach home. She had sat thus for some time when she was startled by the noise of something striking against the window. She got up, put the candle in the furthest corner of the room, drew aside the blind, and looked out. The moon was nearly at the full, but thick masses of cloud overshadowed the sky, leaving only a sort of dull half-light, in which nothing could be clearly discerned. There was, however, sufficient light for Madge to make out the familiar figure of Dick Carradus beckoning to her with one hand, as though he wished to speak to her. Her fears took alarm at once; something had happened to her father, and Dick had come to break the bad news to her! She drew up the blind, and flung open the window, with hands that trembled so much that they could scarcely do her bidding, dreading, yet longing, to know the worst.

"'Your father has been taken with a fit at the Farriers' Arms,' said Dick, 'and I am come to fetch you. Make haste, and put on your things, and let us be off.'

"Dick was standing in an open space of ground about a dozen yards from the house, where his figure could be plainly made out; a little to his left, and a few yards further from the house, was an outbuilding belonging to the station; and Madge, while Dick was speaking to her, distinctly saw the head and shoulders of a man protruded for a moment from behind the gable of the building, as though in the act of listening, and then withdrawn; the man, whoever he might be, evidently thinking that, as the night was so much overcast, it would be impossible for any one to see him from the house. With a woman's intuition, Madge at once felt that the head and shoulders could belong to no one but Mr. Kulp.

"'I will be down in a minute or two,' she called out to Dick in a hard shrill voice which she hardly recognized as her own.

"She came in, shut down the window, and replaced the blind, and stood for a moment with the fingers of both hands pressed against her eyes, thinking intently. Then taking up the candle, she carried it into her father's bedroom, the window of which looked in the direction opposite to her own; but instead of proceeding to put on her bonnet and shawl, she stole back into her own dark room, and drew the blind about an inch on one side, and looked out. It was as she had thought; there were two of them; and at the moment she looked out they were talking earnestly together, as they stood close to the gable of the outbuilding; but next minute Dick seemed to push the stranger back out of sight, and came forward himself, and took up his first position, close to the house, waiting for Madge to come out.

"Madge stood up in a maze of doubt and fear. Why had not Dick come alone? And who was that other man hidden away behind the gable with Dick's connivance? Why, in fact, if Dick's story were true, need there be any concealment at all?

"But while she was debating thus, she said to herself, her father might perhaps be dying, hungering for her presence, and she allowing herself to be held back by some vague fears of—she knew not what. But, then, why that mystery? What must she do?—what must she do?

"'Are you ready?' called Dick; and then there came a sharp imperious summons with his knuckles on the door below; and then the door itself was tried; but it was locked.

"Madge started out of her brief reverie, opened her bedroom window, and looked out for the second time.

"'Do make haste!' exclaimed Dick the moment her head was protruded from the window. 'How long are you going to be?'

"'Answer me one question,' said Madge—'Did you come up from the village alone? Is there any one here besides yourself? You know, Dick, that I am easily frightened—and—the hour is late—and—and—'

"He did not allow her to finish, but burst into a loud grating laugh.

"'Alone! Quite alone, Madge, dear. I ran up from the village at a break neck pace, and haven't seen a soul, except your own sweet self, since I left the Farriers' Arms.'

"'Dick Carradus, you are just telling me a heap of lies!' answered Madge; 'though why you should do so I cannot tell. I don't believe that my father has been taken ill, as you say; and I am quite certain that you are not alone.'

"Before Dick could reply, the hidden man burst out into the moonlight, revealing Mr. Kulp to Madge's straining eyes. She had felt certain from the first that it could be no other than he.

"'Come, stow all that jabber!' exclaimed Kulp brutally. 'If you had been guided by me'—this to Dick—'we should have had what we came for before now; but you must needs go to work in your own idiotic way; and see the result—all this precious time wasted and nothing done! Look you here, young woman!' turning to Madge; 'you need not expect your father home just at present; he's disposed of, where he'll trouble nobody for some time to come. There's not a soul within a mile of you, except us two—two fellows who don't stick at trifles against a wisp of a girl who gives tongue if she sees a mouse suddenly. Now, we've nothing against you yourself; we don't wish to do you any harm. What we've come for is the money we know you have in the house—not the old man's own money, but the money belonging to the railway. You can drop it quietly out of the window, if you like—we know within a quid or two how much there is—and we'll take our leave at once; and you'll be none the poorer—it will only be the railway that will suffer, and they can afford it. But offer any resistance, or try on any of your tricks, and we'll not only have the money, but your life into the bargain. Won't we, mate?'

"Dick muttered some inaudible words in reply, and sat down sullenly on a pile of sleepers close at hand.

"The idea of any one thinking it worth while to rob the station had never entered the head of Madge; but as Kulp spoke she remembered that there was that night a much larger sum of money in the house than had ever been there before. Dick, from his frequent visits to the station, was doubtless well aware that old David was in the habit of keeping the cash in his bedroom, as a security against thieves. All these thoughts passed through her brain while Kulp was speaking. When he had done, she gave one great despairing sob, wrung from her by the thought of her lover's treachery, and her heart for the moment seemed to wither up within her. But the necessity for immediate action was pressing—she would have time enough in the dark future before her to brood over her sweetheart's baseness. What must she do? If her father was not ill, as these men had at first averred, then why had he not come home? He had never, even when most overcome, stayed out till this hour. Was it not possible—nay, probable—that they had murdered him first, to get him out of the way, and had then come on to the station to complete their work by robbery, and perhaps murder, there?

"A rude summons from Kulp cut short her brief reverie.

"'Now, young woman, what are you about? Do you expect us to wait here all night?'

"'Oh, Dick, for pity's sake, tell me what has become of my father?' she said, still speaking through the window, and heedless for the moment of Kulp.

"Dick rose from his seat as if he were going to reply, but Kulp waved him back.

"'Your father's disposed of where he'll trouble nobody, as I told you before. And now let us have your answer at once. Do you mean to give us that money quietly, or not?'

"'No—a thousand times no!' exclaimed Madge, passionately. 'Cowards that you are, come and take it, if you dare!' and she shut down the window with a bang, as though disdaining further parley.

"The thought of her father lying wounded, perhaps dead, in some lonely spot, lent her a courage, a reckless audacity, that made her for the time almost indifferent to anything that could happen to herself. What means of defence had she? was her first question. Scarcely any. The doors and windows, indeed, down stairs were fastened; but she knew well that they would not stand long against the assaults of two men determined on effecting an entrance. There were no arms of any kind in the house. There was the door at the bottom of the stairs opening into the kitchen—she might, perhaps, do a little towards securing that. The candle was still burning where she had left it; and as she went into the room, the cash-box containing the cause of all these misfortunes stared her in the face. Her father's keys lay beside it, together with a bag containing the silver and copper retained by David as change. A flash of inspiration came to her as she looked at these things. She opened the cash-box, and took out the bag containing the day's receipts, in notes, cheques, and gold, and concealed it in the bosom of her dress. She then put the bag containing the silver and copper into the box, locked it, and threw the keys under the bed. Her next proceeding was to secure the frail door at the foot of the staircase as well as she was able, by inserting a small wooden peg above the latch, so as to hinder any one from opening it in the ordinary way; and then by piling against it several chairs and other light articles of bedroom furniture, such as her limited strength permitted her to lift. She was well aware that even then it was a protection which a few minutes would suffice to demolish; but every minute was a gain in her desperate strait; her only hope lay in prolonging the struggle as much as possible—help might come, she knew not how or whence, when least expected.

"Outside, everything remained quiet. Could it be possible that they would, after all, go away without attacking the house? With this blessed hope beating warmly at her heart, Madge ran back to the window of her own room, and peeped through. Alas! no—both of them were still there. They were stooping over a heap of sleepers deposited close at hand for the purpose of relaying the line; and having selected one, they lifted it on to their shoulders, and brought it thus to the door of the house. At the first stroke of this novel but powerful battering-ram, Madge gave a little shriek, and sank, white and trembling, to the ground: all her little stock of courage had vanished, and she seemed, for the first time, to realize the dangers of her position. Like the blows of a pavior's rammer came the shocks against the door down stairs, and to each of them Madge's heart beat with a re-

sponsive throb. Suddenly, with a great crash, the door gave way, and with a yell of triumph, Kulp burst into the house, followed by his silent companion. Madge started up, and double-locked her bedroom door; then rushed to the window, determined to leap out at any cost, and forgetting for the moment that the window, small in itself, was still further secured by a bar of iron running across its centre, sufficient to prevent even her little body from squeezing through.

"With a cry of despair, she turned away from the window, and then, a moment after, almost laughed to herself—so sudden are the alternations of feeling at such a time—to think that she had forgotten all about the little loft over the bedrooms. Surely there, of all places in the house, since it was evident that from the house itself there was now no escape, she would be most secure. It was a mere cock-loft, open to the sloping rafters of the roof, and lighted by a skylight composed of a single pane of glass; it was used by David as a storehouse for his onions, seeds, and various kinds of rubbish put away at odd times by the old man, as never likely to be wanted again; but to Madge, in that hour of her extremity, it seemed a very harbor of refuge. The short broken ladder by which David gained access to it was always kept behind his bedroom door. She unlocked the door of her own room, got the ladder, and placed it against the wall under the opening into the loft, which showed black and grim above her head, there being no door to it or fastening of any kind.

"Madge paused for a minute before going up the ladder. After feeling that the money was still safe in the bosom of her dress, she went lightly into her father's room, and blew out the candle, which had been burning there since first taken out of her own room; she next locked the doors of both rooms, put the keys in her pocket, and then stood to listen, with one foot on the ladder, ready to ascend. From the moment the front-door was burst in, to that in which Madge stood thus, not more than two minutes had elapsed, sufficient, however, for the two men down stairs to ransack every corner, and so make sure, before proceeding further, that Madge was hidden nowhere below. The door at the foot of the stairs was tried next; and the moment Madge heard this, she mounted the ladder noiselessly, and creeping through the opening into the loft with the agility of a cat, reached down with one hand, drew up the ladder after her, and then sat down by the edge of the opening to await, with a heart that beat almost to bursting, whatever might happen next. The door not yielding easily, the battering-ram was applied to it, and half-a-dozen blows were sufficient to break it off its hinges. The furniture piled up behind it was quickly dragged down by the indefatigable Kulp, and the way to the bedrooms was then clear. Madge, listening intently, heard Kulp inciting Dick to drink out of his brandy-flask; after which he went in search of matches and a candle, for all their work hitherto had been done by the light of the clouded moon. Having procured a light, after a delay of some minutes, during which he relieved his mind by a large amount of swearing, Mr. Kulp advanced cautiously up stairs. Having reached the bedroom doors in safety, and finding both of them to be locked, Dick and he held a brief consultation. Dick was inclined to break into the old man's room first, being well aware that the money was always put there over night; but Mr. Kulp, whose quick, restless eyes had caught sight of the opening into the loft, gave it as his opinion, emphasized with numerous oaths, that both bird and money would be found snugly hid away in that dark little nest at the top of the house; so it was agreed that he should explore the loft while Dick effected an entrance into David's room. Mr. Kulp's first task was to fetch a couple of chairs up stairs, and having fixed one of them upon the other, he proceeded to climb carefully to the top, just as Dick succeeded in breaking open the bedroom door.

"Madge, in her hiding-place, sat quite motionless, with straining eyes fixed on the opening in the floor, through which she momently expected to see Mr. Kulp's ugly head protruded. The clouds had partly cleared away by this time, and sufficient of the moon's light came through the little skylight to enable her to distinguish the objects about her with tolerable clearness. She heard Mr. Kulp climbing laboriously on to the chairs, and thought to herself that a few seconds now would surely end all, for she never doubted that he would murder her when once he got her into his power. The first part of Mr. Kulp's person that made its appearance through the trap was an immense bony hand, with which he seized the ledge, as a help in pulling himself up. Close to the feet of Madge lay an old wooden mallet; on the instinct of the moment, and without pausing to think, she grasped it, and brought it down with all her force on the hideous claw beside her. Mr. Kulp gave a yell of mingled rage and pain, and being obliged to let go his hold, came to the floor with a terrific crash. He was on his feet in an instant, swearing horribly that he would have Madge's blood; but just as he was preparing to mount the chairs again, Dick, with a joyful cry, burst out of David's room, exclaiming that he had found the cash-box. Even then, Mr. Kulp was half inclined to stay at all risks, and have his revenge, for his hand hurt him terribly; but Dick hurried down stairs with the box under his arm, and Mr. Kulp's cupidity rendering him fearful that unless he quickly followed, he might perhaps never see either Dick or the box again, he postponed the consideration of his revenge till a future period, and hurried after his friend, threatening Madge with what he would do to her if she stirred out of the loft, or gave any alarm, for a full hour at the least.

"Madge's ruse had succeeded. Deceived by the weight of the box, they had hurried away without opening it, thinking that it contained the money of which they were in search, whereas it held only the bag of silver and copper placed there purposely by Madge. But Madge knew that the respite was only a short one; they would not go far before breaking open the box, and on discovering the deception, they would hurry back, and woe be to her if they found her there when they returned!

"She would get out of the house at any risk, and try to make her escape across the fields. She lowered the ladder, and after feeling that the money was still safe in the bosom of her dress, got down as quickly as possible, and so groped her way down stairs, and through the house on to the platform. In a few minutes more, the night-mail would be due; but alas! it did not stop at Birkwood, nor even slacken speed, but rushed past in complete indifference to the existence of any such insignificant spot.

"An excellent thought! she would turn on the red light at the signal, and stop the train. Under the circumstances, she felt herself justified in doing this. Perhaps the train with its living freight would come up in time to save her from the two miscreants, who would certainly be back in a few minutes more. The hope was a faint one, but she could not afford to throw it away. To reach the semaphore, it was necessary that she should traverse the platform to that end of it nearest the road taken by the two men on leaving the station, although her first intention had been to try to make her escape by hurrying away in the opposite direction. There was, however, no time to hesitate; the risk must be run at once, if at all. So she sped as fast as she could to the end of the platform, and seizing the iron handle of the immense signal-post, gave it the necessary turn, which changed the glass in front of the lantern at its summit, and displayed the red light in place of the white one. She had just turned to hasten back along the platform, when Kulp and Carradus, leaping over a hedge about twenty yards away, came suddenly upon her, and a loud cry from one of them proclaimed that she was seen.

"In their hurry to get back to the station, after discovering the trick that had been played them, they had cut off the angle of the road by coming across a field, and were consequently unseen by Madge till they were close upon her. Madge was like a wounded animal brought to bay: to flee was useless, she would have been caught before she had run twenty yards; resistance was equally out of the question; what resistance, in fact, could a girl like her offer to the will of two desperate ruffians? There seemed nothing left for her but to lie down in dumb despair, and pray that her misery might be as short as possible. As she stood thus, her fine and practised ear caught the first faint sound of the approaching train—only five minutes more, and she would have been saved!

"She was still standing close to the semaphore. On the instant she turned, and despite the impediment of her dress, ran quickly up the iron ladder—up, up to the very top, till she sank exhausted on the little grating fixed close under the lamps for the convenience of lighting and cleaning them. Mr. Kulp laughed loud and long.

"'What a precious fool the wench must be,' he said with an oath, 'to go and fix herself in a trap like that! Now I shall have her as safe as a 'possum in a gum-tree—have her money and her life both, or my name is not Jared Kulp!'

"'Not her life, Kulp—not her life,' said Dick. 'Let the poor child go, when you have got the money.'

"'You shut up, for a prating fool, Dick Carradus!' exclaimed Kulp, savagely. 'Had she smashed your fingers as she has mine, you'd be as eager for your revenge as I am. Besides,' he added, sullenly, 'if we don't throttle her off, she'll blab, and we shall get lagged! No half-work, say I.'

"'Perhaps, after all, she hasn't got the money about her,' said Dick; 'it may be hidden in the old man's room—under the bed, or in the chimney, or somewhere.'

"'Ay, ay, lad—do you think so?' said Kulp eagerly. 'Then you just go and have a hunt about, and I'll wait here at the bottom of the ladder till you come back, to see that my lady doesn't escape. Only don't be a month away.'

"'Never fear,' answered Dick, and hurried off into the house.

"Neither of the men had yet heard the noise of the advancing train, for the wind was in the opposite direction; but Madge heard it coming nearer and nearer, but so slowly, as it seemed to her hungering ears, that her heart within her grew sick with fear that it would not arrive in time to save her. No sooner had Dick disappeared than Mr. Kulp drew a formidable bowie knife from some hidden pocket, and having unsheathed it, seized the black haft between his teeth, and prepared to ascend the ladder. He had evidently determined not to await the return of Dick, but to accomplish his revenge while his companion was away. His right hand had been so badly hurt by Madge, that he had been obliged to bind his handkerchief round it, and every movement elicited a groan of agony, and hardened him in the dark purpose on which he was bent. So, with the knife grasped between his teeth, he began slowly and cautiously to climb the ladder. He had made but two steps upward, when all at once his ear caught the shrill whistle of the approaching train, and he knew that his work must be done quickly or else left undone forever.

"The red signal had been seen.

"Madge, crouching on the little iron grating under the lamps, and kept from falling by the rail running round it, had not been idle all this time.

"A day or two previously the semaphore ladder had been removed for repairs, and an old one temporarily substituted in its place, fastened with a stout rope at the top to keep it firm. Madge's nimble fingers were busy with the knots before Kulp began to ascend; but the rope was thick, and the knots difficult to unfasten, and she shuddered to think that Kulp would reach the top before her purpose could be effected. She had contrived to undo one of the knots, and was busy with fingers and teeth at the second, while Kulp was coming slowly up the ladder towards her. Step by step he drew nearer. She tried to call to him, to warn him of the fate before him, but beyond a dry husky whisper she had lost all power of speech. The light from the lamp above her shone obliquely on his shaggy head, his cruel wolfish eyes staring ferociously up at her, and the bare knife held between his teeth. Half a minute more, and he would have seized her, when, yielding to her last desperate effort, the knot gave way; the rope fell to the ground, and the ladder, no longer held in its place, and already trembling under the weight of Kulp, shook for an instant; then its top glided slowly along the smooth edge of the grating, till it slipped over the end, and fell swiftly through the air, with the terrified wretch clinging to it; and coming down with a terrible crash on the coping-stone at the edge of the platform, rolled over with its burden on to the line, just as the wildly-shrieking train forged slowly into the station, and came to a dead stand a few feet from the lifeless body lying across its path.

"I, who tell you this, happened to be travelling by the mail that night, and was quickly out of the train, followed by several of the passengers, to ascertain the reason of a stoppage so unusual.

"It was Will Ferguson who picked up the body of Kulp from before the engine. A medical man, one of the passengers, pronounced him to be dead.

"Some time elapsed before Madge, lying insensible so far above our heads, was discovered; and then it was a task of considerable difficulty to get her down, but it was managed after a time, and the poor girl was laid on her bed, unconscious of all that was being done for her; and when she did awake from her state of insensibility, it was only to lapse into a brain fever, from which she did not thoroughly recover for several months.

"Old David turned up in the morning, haggard and penitent. He had been lying dead-drunk under a hedge all night, where Kulp and Carradus had purposely left him. Carradus himself got clear away, and has never been heard of from that day to this. The railway company made Madge a handsome present as soon as she got well again; but they removed her father from a situation for which he was evidently incompetent, and made him ticket-collector at Wallington Junction; at which station Madge was, at her own request, installed as booking-clerk; but I hear that she and Will Ferguson are about to be married; so that next time you come this way, perhaps, there will be no Madge Carliston to serve you with a ticket."

TRUTH AND CHILDREN.—A gentleman of nervous temperament once called on Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College. One of the doctor's boys was rather boisterous and pestered the nervous gentleman somewhat—whereupon he said to him, "My boy, if you will keep still while I am talking to your father, I will give you a dollar." Instantly the boy hushed down, gentle as a sleeping lamb. At the close of the gentleman's remarks, he attempted to leave without giving the boy the dollar; but Dr. Dwight was too fast for him. He put a dollar into the man's hands, saying, "You promised my boy a dollar for good behaviour. Give him that as you promised. If, sir, we lie, our children will be liars."

☞ A lady occupying room letter B at a hotel wrote on the slate the following: "Wake letter B at seven, and if letter B says, 'Let us be,' don't let letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B., who is to be here at half-past seven." The porter, a better boot-black than orthographist, did not know at seven whether to wake letter B or let her be.

REFUSED!

"Not yours the fault," you say—not yours?—
You women keep some bitter cures
For our proud spirits. How I long
To think you have not done me wrong.
Believe me, this is half my pain
To feel I cannot give again
Respect and trust, which were your due
When I believed you wholly true!

The words of love you said one day,
"You meant the next day to unsay.
And if I thought of them—what then?
I must be fooled like other men:
Must learn to woo is not to win:
That women's falsehoods are not sin:
Must bear what other hearts have borne:"
—I give you, lady, scorn for scorn!

It was for *love* I vainly sued!
It was a *woman* that I wooed!
Not something in a woman's guise,
To make my trusting heart a prize—
Rejoice to feel me in her power—
Play with her new toy for an hour,
Then fling it down, with cruel jest,
And mocking scorn, at my request!

No! it was something kind and true
I fancied that I saw in you!
Before a high ideal shrine
I laid this honest love of mine.
I woke to find that shrine a dream—
That maidens are not what they seem.
Henceforth I, too, will share their mirth,
And take their *love* for what it's worth!

F. S. M.

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A BENEVOLENT STRANGER.

Having written to Mr. Vanderseld of Hamburg, there was nothing, pending the reception of his reply, for even Mr. Townshend to do beyond his favorite occupation of keeping his eyes open. We advertised, however, in the *Morning Chronicle* (a print that at that time was far from looking forward to death from want of circulation, and the having its eyes closed by a penny-piece), in the *Times*, and in the *Sun*, and offered a reward of one hundred guineas for tidings of the missing baronet; nor, in spite of the Bow Street Runner's depreciating remarks upon this point, were our efforts in that direction wholly thrown away. A full description of Sir Massingberd had appeared in the above newspapers for ten successive days, and on the eleventh, the following information came of it. We were all breakfasting in Harley street, Mr. Long having come up from Fairburn the previous day, when the butler informed us that there was a man waiting in the hall, who wished to see "H. G.," who had put a certain advertisement into the *Sun* newspaper. "Show him in here at once, George," quoth Mr. Gerard, rubbing his hands. "How pleased I shall be if we learn what we wish to know, after all, without any help from Bow street. I beg you will take a chair, sir." These last words were addressed to a very respectable-looking person, whom the servant had ushered in, and who bowed to us in a very decorous and unassuming fashion. He was attired in half-mourning, and carried a little black leather bag and an umbrella—the latter a less common companion in these days than a cane is now—as though he had just come off a journey.

"I have called, gentlemen," said he, "simply in consequence of seeing a notice respecting the disappearance of a certain individual of whose whereabouts I am in a position to inform you."

"Is Sir Massingbard Heath alive, sir?" gasped Marmaduke.

"Heaven be praised, he *is*, sir," responded the stranger fervently.

"Umph," ejaculated Mr. Gerard with less piety.

Mr. Long coughed behind his fingers, but otherwise kept a discreet silence.

"You know him, do you, sir?" inquired our host.

"I know him well enough by sight, if at least, your advertised description of his personal appearance is accurate," resumed our visitor. "His height, his beard, the curious indentation upon his forehead, are all characteristic of the man whom I saw last night, and whom I have seen every day for weeks. He is living under the name of Danet m at Nutgall, a village in Cambridgeshire, near which I reside. I have not the slightest doubt whatever of his identity. As for knowing him, except by sight, however, I cannot say that I do. Without meaning offence, or wishing to hurt the feelings of relations, I may observe that his mode of life is scarcely one to make acquaintance with him advantageous. If I may speak without reserve upon the matter, I should state that he drank considerably, to the extent, indeed, the landlord of the inn has informed me, of, at least, a bottle and a half of French brandy *per diem*."

"That *must* be my uncle," observed Marmaduke naively.

"He is so, sir, without a doubt," continued the stranger. "I do not seek for any pecuniary reward; but having seen your advertisement, I thought it my duty to come up hither, and relieve the feelings of anxious relatives."

Here the door opened, and Mr. Townshend walked in unannounced, as it was his custom to do. Merely nodding to us all, as though he was an inmate of the house, he sat down at the table with his back to the visitor, and helped himself to a roll and butter.

Mr. Gerard explained briefly the stranger's errand to the officer of justice, and then observed:—

"Are we to understand, then, that you have been so good as to come all the way from Nutgall hither expresly to give us this information?"

"No, sir," responded the man with frankness; "I should deceive you if I were to say that much. I have business in the city to-day, and arrived so far by coach; I came on hither, merely a few miles beyond my mark; that is all for which you are indebted to me."

"That is a great deal," observed Mr. Long warmly. "We take it very kindly that you should have done so much."

"I thought it only my duty, sir," replied the visitor modestly. "The trouble I do not take into account."

"What a pity the gentleman did not think of writing by the post," observed Mr. Townshend, still proceeding with his breakfast; "that would have saved him this long expedition, and us many days of anxiety."

"That is very true," returned the stranger; "but the fact is, one does not always like to answer advertisements in that way. How did I know who H. G. was? I thought also that a personal interview would be more satisfactory. I am a poor man, but I did not grudge the chance of losing an hour or two on an errand of charity."

"You are very good," answered Marmaduke gloomily.

"And you must, please, permit us," added Mr. Long, taking out his purse, "to at least reimburse you for that loss of time."

"It seems to me," observed Mr. Townshend, speaking with his mouth full, "that this gentleman is about to be rather hardly dealt by. It is true that a guinea, or even half a one, may repay him for his lost time; but if his intelligence respecting Sir Massingberd Heath turns out to be such as he represents it, he will be entitled to the hundred guineas reward."

"I never thought of that," observed Mr. Long, returning his purse to his pocket, not without a blush. "I hope, sir, that you will acquit me of any sordid design in what I proposed to do."

"Most certainly, sir," returned the stranger with animation; "and indeed your views, as you just expressed them, are quite in accordance with my own. I have no wish whatever for the reward in question; to have done my duty is, I hope, a sufficient recompense for me. On the other hand, I cannot well afford to lose these two or three hours which have been expended in your service. A couple of guineas would quite repay me for this, and even leave the obligation upon my side."

There was a silence for a little, during which Mr. Long gazed inquiringly at Mr. Gerard, and he in his turn looked towards Mr. Townshend; then, as though the back of that gentleman's head had been cognizant that counsel was demanded of it, the Bow Street Runner spoke as follows:

"It would be nothing less than a fraud, in my opinion, if this good gentleman's generosity is taken advantage of in the way he suggests. If the management of this business is to be in my hands, I should say let us behave with rectitude at least, if not with liberality. The hundred guineas are fairly his, if he is correct in what he has told us; whereas, if he is *not* correct—since no mistake can have occurred in the matter, by his own showing—why, this is merely an attempt to extort money under false pretences."

"Really, Mr. Townshend," cried my tutor, starting to his feet, "I think your profession of thief-catching makes you very unscrupulous in your imputations."

For my own part, I felt excessively indignant too; and so, I think, would Marmaduke have done, had he not been preoccupied with his own thoughts. Lucy blushed, and cast down her eyes. Her father quietly observed:

"Mr. Townshend may have been somewhat plain-spoken, but what he has said is common sense. If you will be good enough to leave your address at Nutgall with us, sir, we shall communicate with you as soon as we have convinced ourselves of the truth of your suspicions, and then we shall not only have compensation, but apologies to offer you."

"Very good, sir," rejoined the visitor coolly. "My address is upon that card. If I had known the sort of reception that awaited me here, I should not, perhaps, have been so anxious to do my duty. Gentlemen, I wish you good day. I am sorry to have interrupted your repast."

"Don't mention it, my good sir," observed the Bow Street Runner, as he disposed of his third slice of ham. "I have treated you as no stranger, I assure you."

To this sarcasm the visitor made no reply, but bowing to the rest of the company, was about to withdraw with polite severity, when Mr. Long stepped forward and took him by the hand.

"I believe you are a kindly-hearted man," cried he, "who has been grievously wronged by those whom you have attempted to benefit. If it be so, it cannot do you any harm to have shaken hands with an honest man, and one who is a humble minister of the gospel."

I could have jumped up and shaken hands with the stranger also, but a false shame prevented me. I thought that Townshend was only waiting for the poor fellow to go to become contemptuously cynical upon those who had shown any belief in him. The Bow Street Runner, however, said never a word, but proceeded with his interminable breakfast.

Mr. Long was speechless with indignation. I saw Lucy Gerard cast an approving glance at my excellent tutor, and then an imploring one towards her father, who was biting his lips, as if to restrain his laughter.

At last, the rector broke silence.

"I gather from what you have stated, Mr. Townshend, that you will scarcely consider it worth while to go down to Nutgall, or make any further inquiry into the circumstances of which you have just heard."

"It will certainly not be worth *my* while," returned the Bow Street Runner curtly.

"Then I shall go down into Cambridgeshire myself," observed my tutor.

"Very good, sir. If time were less valuable to me, it would give me a great deal of pleasure to accompany you."

"My dear Peter," remarked my tutor, taking no notice of this wicked banter, "what do you say to coming with me?"

Even if I had been less disposed to do this than I was, I should still have readily consented to be the rector's travelling companion, for to refuse would have been to declare myself upon the enemy's side.

Accordingly, we set off upon this amateur detective expedition that very day; and on the following evening returned to Harley street, having possessed ourselves of this important information—That Benevolence is sometimes assumed for the base purpose of making a few shillings, and that advertisements are occasionally taken advantage of to the confusion of those who insert them. There was really a village called Nutgall; that was the one fact that the respectable person in half-mourning had brought along with his black leather bag and silk umbrella; but there was not a public-house in the place where Sir Massingberd could have procured that bottle and a half of French brandy, had he been ever so disposed to dissipation, or even where we ourselves could get bread and cheese.

I verily believe, at the time of his disenchantment, my revered tutor would rather that the baronet had been really at Nutgall, and in the humor and condition to wage implacable war against poor Marmaduke, than have given such an opportunity of triumph to the man of Bow street.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BETTER THAN A BLUNDERBUSS.

It was the Runner's custom to call at Mr. Gerard's every evening—no matter how often he might have been there during the day—in order to report progress, or that there was none; and when his knock at the front-door was heard, I perceived the rector wince upon his chair, like one who has been roasted a little already, and expects to be before the fire again immediately. Mr. Townshend, however, did not even so much as allude to our Will-of-the-Wisp pursuit, cautioned, perhaps, not to do so, by our host, or beseught by his daughter, as I fancy. I do not think that the gravity of the intelligence he brought with him would, of itself, have blunted Mr. Townshend's appetite for acrimonious jesting, which was insatiable; and, indeed, the issues of Death or Life, and of Lost or Found, formed so much the ordinary business of his life, that any Discovery, no matter of what nature, disturbed him as little as finding a gentleman with his head off disturbs the King of Dahomey.

"Well, Mr. Long, I am glad to see you back again," said he; "you are the very man I want. Does a farmer of the name of Arabel happen to reside in or near your parish?"

"He lives at Fairburn, within a stone's throw—"

"You will never make a Bow Street Runner," interrupted Mr. Townshend, shaking his head.

"Well, then," continued my tutor good-humoredly, "if accuracy is so essential, I will say within half a mile and a few yards of my own Rectory."

"That is better, sir," returned the detective, gravely. "And what sort of a character do you consider this man to bear?"

"Mr. Arable is an honest man and a good churchman," replied the rector, positively; "and but for a little occasional excess—"

"A drunkard, eh?" observed the Bow Street officer, briskly.

"No, certainly not, Mr. Townshend. He takes too much liquor now and then I believe; but I regret to say it, there are few more sober persons in my parish than Richard Arable."

"Indeed," observed the other, reflectively; "and yet he was the man who paid No. 82979 to Mr. Vanderseld, who trades in grain. I have heard from Hamburg, and have traced the note back again to Fairburn. I start for that place this evening by

postchaise; and if you or Mr. Meredith want a lift, I shall be happy to take one or both of you along with me."

This intelligence astonished us all immensely, and my tutor and myself, who knew the farmer, more than the rest. Such news would have been sufficient itself to have taken the rector home at once; besides, he was not only anxious, as usual, to get back to his own parish, but somewhat grudged our long continued absence and intellectual holiday. There did not seem, too, to be any sort of necessity for my remaining longer with Marmaduke, who had found, it was impossible to doubt, a companion far more capable of upholding and encouraging him than I. The Bow Street Runner's offer was therefore accepted by both of us; and in a few hours we took our seats in the same vehicle for Midshire. The chaise was as roomy a one as could be procured, but still, as there was but one seat, I had to assume the position of "bodkin" between my two companions. Their conversation was at first entirely confined to the subject of our expedition—namely, Farmer Arable, concerning whom the detective expressed his suspicions the more darkly, the more extravagantly he was eulogized by Mr. Long. So vehement was their dispute, that I did not like to interrupt it for a considerable period, during which I endured great inconvenience from sitting upon a substance at once both sharp and hard, contained in one of Mr. Townshend's pockets. If he had been a lady of the present day, I should have known what it was, and perhaps have modestly suffered on without remonstrance; but since he was not of the softer sex, and certainly did not wear crinoline, I ventured to ask what it was which inflicted such torture.

"I beg your pardon, young gentleman," observed the Bow Street Runner, removing the article objected to: "you was only sitting upon a pair of bracelets with which I may have perhaps to present Mr. Richard Arable."

"You don't mean to say that you carry handcuffs in your pocket!" observed my tutor, with a shudder of disgust.

"I mean to say I do," and should as soon think of moving about without 'em, as without my hat and breeches," returned the Runner, with a coolness that froze us both into a protracted silence.

The rain fell heavily as the night drew on, and dashed against the streaming panes with fitful violence. The wind and wet poured in together whenever the window was put down to pay the postboys. I pitied the poor fellows, exposed to such weather, and was glad to see that Mr. Townshend paid them liberally. "There are no persons who are more open-handed travellers than your Bow Street Runner," observed Mr. Long, when I remarked to him upon this circumstance in the absence of our friend, who had stepped out while we were changing horses somewhere, for brandy and water; "and the reason of their generosity is this, that other people have to pay for it." I had never heard my tutor utter so severe a speech, and I gathered from it that his indignation against our fellow-wayfarer was as poignant as ever; and yet within half an hour it was fated that all his resentment should be neutralized by gratitude, leaving a large margin of the latter sentiment over and above.

The next stage was over a desolate, treeless heath, where the elements had their own way against us more than ever, and our vehicle seemed actually to shrink and shudder from the force of their onslaught. All of a sudden, I was thrown forward against the opposite window by the stoppage of the postchaise. At first I thought a horse had fallen; but immediately afterwards the window next to Mr. Long was violently pushed down from without, and a something black and small, which was a pistol, was protruded into the carriage.

"Your money or your life! Come, be quick, curse you, and don't keep gentlemen waiting in the wet," said a rough voice. "Be quick, I say." A volley of oaths accompanied this unpleasant request.

"I have only a couple of guineas with me," cried Mr. Long, quietly, "and you will not make it more by swearing."

"That's a lie!" remarked the voice, very uncivilly, "for you're a parson, you are, and they've always money enough. Ain't he a parson, postboy? Didn't you say so, when I asked you who you'd got inside there? Come here, won't yer?"

At these words, one of the wretched postboys, shivering, and dripping, came forward to the window, and stammered out:—

"Really, gentlemen, I couldn't help it; he swore as he'd blow out my brains, if I didn't tell; so I told him as one was a clergyman, I believed, but the other two—"

"My name is Townshend," interrupted the Bow Street Runner with great distinctness. "If you had happened to know that, boy, and had informed these gentlemen of the circumstance, I am sure they would never have stopped us, unless, indeed, it was to inquire after my health." At the same time he thrust his broad face out of the window into the light thrown by a lantern carried by one of the robbers; for there were several dim forms on horseback, as I could now perceive. If a blunderbuss had been exhibited instead, it could not have caused one-half of the panic which the sight of his features occasioned; each robber turned his back at once, as though to prevent the recognition being mutual, and spurred away into the darkness, leaving nothing but the dismounted postboy to evidence that they were not mere phantoms of the night.

"Get to your saddle, and make you up for lost time," said the Runner sternly; and when this mandate had been obeyed, and we were once more on our way, he added: "That postboy sold us; I saw him whispering to a man on horseback in the inn-yard while I was taking some drink in the back parlor; he was never asked any question when the chaise was stopped. That was Jerry Atherton, too, who put his shooting-iron in at that window; I should know his voice though a mob were shouting with him. A man who wishes to do something of which the consequences are so very serious, should not only wear crape, but keep his mouth shut."

"We have to thank you very much, I am sure," said Mr. Long. "It was a great providence for us that you were with us."

"Very likely, sir," returned Mr. Townshend, grimly; "but not for Jerry, nor yet for the postboy."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE FALSE SCENT.

I am now drawing near the end of this strange eventful narrative, and my readers will learn in a chapter or two what has in reality become of Lost Sir Massingberd: whether he lies dead in Fairburn Chase, notwithstanding that strict search of ours, or somewhere else, conveyed by foemen's hands; or if alive, he keeps in hiding nigh, for some evil end, or has even left British soil for a time, to return, according to his threat, on a day when he is least expected. If his real whereabouts and true position have been guessed, then is he who hit upon it a wiser man not only than I was at that time (which might easily be), but wiser than that genius of Bow street, whose eye was reported to see further into very millstones than any man alive of his time. He arrived at Fairburn with his handcuffs and his suspicions, and would, I verily believe, have made me his stalking-horse whereby to come down upon the guileless Farmer Arable, and extract what might be tantamount to a confession.

"You know him, Mr. Meredith," he had observed to me in his frankest tone, as we walked out together after breakfast, on the morning after our arrival; "and I look to you to make the matter easy. We will step over to the farm at once, if you please, and have a glass of home-brewed with the good man, when, I dare say, he will tell us what we want to know, and exculpate himself at the same time."

"Mr. Townshend," I had replied gravely, "I have been made a cat's-paw of already, within a very few weeks, and until the remembrance of that event has worn off very considerably. I shall not act that part again."

"Very good, sir," responded the Runner cheerfully. "I only thought, that being a well-wisher to the person in question, you might have made the thing less unpleasant for him. If you went with me, introducing me as a gentleman from London, anxious to see good farming, for instance—that 'ud tickle him—I could bring the subject of the note into conversation; then, if he explained to my satisfaction, as he will doub less be able to do, how he got possession of it, it will not be necessary to inquire further. He need never know as a police-officer had been down here with darbies in his pocket, upon the chance of having to fit them on his wrists upon the charge of Wilful Murder."

"There is certainly something in that," said I musingly.

"There is everything in it," returned Mr. Townshend, stepping carelessly over the stile, on the other side of which ran the pathway to Mr. Arable's residence. "The idea of this man's guilt being, as you say, quite preposterous, it would only be a kindness on your part to spare his feelings. That's a fine stout old fellow looking at those men at work in yonder field, a sort of man that carries his years better than one sees people do in London; I should say, now, that that might be the farmer himself."

"Really," said I, stopping short, "I think you had better do this business of yours alone, Mr. Townshend. I have eaten and drunk in Mr. Arable's house, and to be concerned in any such errand as this seems but a poor return for his hospitality."

"Ah, it is him, is it? Very good, sir. Well, you may just please yourself as to accompanying me now. When I have once set eyes on my man, it is not my habit to lose sight of him. Still, you might have made it easier—for *him*, that is. It is no matter to me whether the thing is done soft or hard." And the Bow Street Runner stepped along as he spoke, like a diligent man who sees his work cut out before him.

After a moment's indecision, I followed upon Mr. Townshend's heels.

"That's right, young gentleman," observed he approvingly, but without even turning his head. "Those is turnips, I suppose, and very good they are with capers and a leg of mutton; as to wheat, I am not acquainted with it, at least so as to know it from oats and barley—unless when it's in ear. Agriculture is one of them things to which I have not given my attention; but I means to do so, and I have come here for wrinkles concerning it—remember that, if you please."

"Very well," said I sheepishly, for I was obliged to confess to myself that Mr Townshend had got the better of me; and in a few more strides we had got within earshot of the farmer. This was not indeed very near, but Mr. Arable had excellent lungs, and bade me welcome as soon as he had recognized me.

"Glad to see you, as likewise any friend of yours, Master Meredith. So the Rector is back, I hear; and the wise folks in London can tell no more what has become of Sir Massingberd than we poor folks."

"No, Mr Arable, they cannot; on the contrary," said I, determined that there should be no hypocrisy upon my part, "here is one of them who is come down to Fairburn for information, and relies upon you to give it to him too."

"I should like to know when you saw Sir Massingbard last," observed the Bow Street Runner quietly, "and under what circumstances?"

"That is soon told," returned the farmer simply; "but perhaps you would rather step in out of the cold, and take a drop of something while you hear it."

"No, I thank you," said I firmly, determined that the laws of hospitality should not be thus infringed with my consent; "I must return to the Rectory at once."

"Then I will walk with you," observed the farmer civilly, "and tell you all I know in a few words. The fact is, the squire and I had not been on good terms for a length of time before his disappearance. He was a bad landlord, and did not know how to behave to a tenant as would have done his duty by him. He wanted his own rent paid to the day—and never had to ask it from me, for that matter—but when he owed a little money himself, it was dreadful hard to get it out of him. There happened to be something due from him to me—it was a small matter, made up of little things—corn for that horse he bought for Master Marmaduke, among others, but the thing had been owing for a year or more. I had not deducted it from the rent, and therefore he ought to have been the readier to pay it; but he was not; and at last I cut up rough about it, and went to the Hall myself on the 15th of last month, and then we rather fell out together—the Squire and me."

"You quarrelled, did you?" remarked Mr. Townshend, carelessly.

"Well, yes, we did quarrel; leastways, I did. Sir Massingberd always quarrelled with whoever asked him for payment, so that was nothing. I said that I would not leave the house without the money; but at last I did leave upon his solemn promise to pay me the next day—that was the very day of his disappearance—and he did pay me, with as many oaths as one-pound notes into the bargain."

"He paid you these on the 15th of November, then," observed the detective.

"On the 16th," replied the farmer. "I've got a memorandum of it in my pocket-book; here it is, and the number of the notes 82977 to 80; there was four in all."

"And those notes you sent to your London agent along with more, and you got some foreign stuff back from Hamburg in exchange for them."

"And how the deuce come you to know that?" exclaimed the farmer in extreme astonishment.

"Well, it is my business to know a good many things," returned the Bow Street Runner, getting over the stile rather sulkily, for he was well aware by this time that there would be no employment for his favorite bracelets.

"Well, that may be your friend's business," quoth Mr. Arable, looking after his retreating form, "but I'm gormed if he looks like it. I should have said he was an individual in the same line as myself, only fatter, and though I say it as shouldn't say it—a sight more foolish."

"Nay," said I, "he is not a foolish man, Mr. Arable, far from it; although I think he has come down to Fairburn upon a fool's errand."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"LET IT BE PETER'S GODCHILD."

I have said that I am approaching the conclusion of this my story, and so in truth I am, so far as the readers thereof are concerned in it. They will soon be put in possession of its secret, and close this narrative, not altogether without regret, as I hope. But for me, and those who played their parts in this drama of mystery, months and years went by without the least clue to its solution. Fairburn Hall remained without a master, although not untenanted. The same servants occupied it as before, and expected, although with less and less of certainty, that the Squire would presently return and claim his own again. The principal rooms, as was stated, had been locked up and sealed ever since his disappearance, and the very neighborhood of their doors had begun to be avoided after dark. Noises were affirmed to have been heard in them, both canine and human—doubtless the ghostly talk held between Grimjaw and Sir Massingberd, who had no longer any reason for silence concerning that evil deed in which they had been concerned together so long ago. The baronet's voice was also heard in the Park and Chase, especially upon windy nights, cursing and threatening in a very vehement and lifelike manner, so that his preserves were almost as well protected by the terror of his absence as they had been by that of his presence. Reckless, indeed, must have been the poacher who wired hares or slaughtered pheasants in that Home Spinney where the dread Sir Massingberd must have met with his end, or been spirited away, no man knew how or whither. Had it not been for this superstitious awe, Oliver Bradford would have found it difficult to guard his master's game, for the old keeper, crippled with age and rheumatism, could no longer watch o' nights himself, nor could he easily induce his subordinates to do so, unless in pairs. They, too, had little liking to be alone in the Home Spinney after dusk, nor near the Wolsey Oak, which of late years had had certain portentious tenants in the shape of the two ravens, which were for ever flying to and fro between it and their lodging in the church tower. The old ancestral saying—

> Ill for Heath's when raven's croak
> Bodeful comes from Wolsey's Oak—

was remembered and repeated by the old folks of Fairburn to the rising generation with many a solemn head shake and significant pursing of the lips. Yet, oddly enough, the general opinion, even of these ancient gossips, was, that Sir Massingberd was yet alive. The misfortune prophesied by the ravens was held to concern the family—or, in other words, young Marmaduke—rather than his uncle. If the behaviour of these intelligent birds proclaimed that the Squire was dead, they deserved rather to be held as doves of good tidings than what they were. No, Sir Massingberd was alive, and would turn up some day or other, wickeder than ever. His return was as confidently looked for by many of his vassals, as that of Barbarossa was wont to be.

This was not, of course, the case with reasonable persons like Mr. Long, and, I may add, myself. When a twelvemonth had elapsed since his disappearance, we both entreated Marmaduke to come down to Fairburn, and take possession of what might fairly be considered his own. Mr. Gerard and Mr. Clint were equally anxious that he should do this, but all persuasion was unavailing. The most that could be extracted from him was the promise that, when he came of age, a year and a half hence, he would do as we pleased. It seemed to us, indeed, the height of improbability that his uncle should still be in the land of the living; it seemed so to the money-lenders who showed themselves anxious to accommodate the young man with enormous loans at a very trifling rate of interest; but to the heir himself it by no means appeared so certain. There was something characteristic, he thought, of his terrible uncle in this mysterious withdrawl from human ken, with the fiendish object of throwing everything out of gear for years, and thus striking terror by his sudden reappearance. If he did reppear, and found another—and that one his hated nephew—in the enjoyment of his property, how diabolical would be his wrath! There was often quite a sublimity of passion evinced by the old baronet upon very slight occasions; but all such displays, compared to what would happen in the case supposed, would have been but as a cavalry inspection at the Curragh to the Balaclava charge. Such were the thoughts, I am convinced, which actuated Marmaduke, although he did not express them. He confined himself to stating that he did not consider he had a right to take possession of Fairburn until the time he mentioned had elapsed—nor, indeed, was he legally entitled so to do for seven years—and I doubt if he would have given even that promise, had he not felt sure that some revelation would be made in the meantime.

But no such revelation was made, and the day of Marmaduke Heath's majority came round at last. Whether he would even then have put his purpose of coming down to Fairburn into effect, had it depended solely upon himself, I cannot say, but he had by that time other interests to consult beside his own. Marmaduke Heath and Lucy Gerard were man and wife; nor, if you had sought all England through, would you have chanced upon a nobler-looking couple. At that period—although it was not so afterwards—the dependence, the reliance, the looking up for comfort and for counsel, so natural and so endearing in wedded life, were upon the wrong side—upon Marmaduke's, not Lucy's. All that was done in respect to his affairs was done by her; he only thought about doing them, and resisted their being done until the very last, when all other means having failed, her sweet voice was called in by the counsellors for his good, and always succeeded. In one matter only had Marmaduke refused even to listen to her—he had insisted upon raising a very large sum upon his now excellent expectations, and settling it upon her before his marriage. In vain he had been assured that such a settlement was unnecessary, and the interest he would have to pay for the money borrowed, absolutely thrown away; the young man had his way in this; and on the day after the execution of the deed in question, they were married. I had determined within myself not to be present at that wedding, in spite of a very pressing invitation, and although Mr. Long himself attended it.

"What! not go to see Marmaduke married?" cried my tutor, when I told him of this intention. I call him still by that name, although he was at that time merely my host, with whom I was stopping during one of my Oxford vacations. "Why, Meredith, you astonish me beyond measure. I am sure that neither of them will think I have rightly married them, unless you are there to be bridegroom's man. Why, Lucy Gerard loves you, Peter, almost as much as she does Marmaduke himself; while Mr. Gerard, between you and me, would, I think, have preferred—" Then I broke down all of a sudden, and laid my face between my hands upon the table, and sobbed like a child.

"Peter, Peter, my dear boy!" exclaimed the Rector, laying his fingers—ah, so pitifully—upon my head; "I had not dreamed of this. Poor lad, poor lad—God comfort you, and strengthen you; I feel for you as though you were my very own son. What blind worms must we have been, not to have seen this before; or rather, how bravely must you have hidden it from us all! She doesn't know it, does she? I trust not. Then let her never know it, Peter. I do not speak of others, for your feelings deserve to be considered as much and more, dear lad. But oh! think of hers. What bitterness will mingle with her cup of happiness upon that day, when she feels that you are absent from such a cause; for she will guess the cause at once, Peter."

"I will be ill," groaned I; "Heaven knows that I shall feel ill enough; and that shall be my excuse."

"And do you think Marmaduke would marry, knowing that his best friend lies ill and alone here? He would never do that. They would feel, I hope too, that if it were so, I should not have left you. No, Peter; you have been very strong hitherto—be strong unto the end. Let her never know that you have suffered and are suffering now for her sweet sake."

"I will do what you think is best, dear old friend," said I; "but please to leave me by myself a little just now."

And he did so; and I battled with my own heart, and subdued it; and when Marmaduke and Lucy were married, I was present.

"My dear Peter, your hand is as cold as a stone!" exclaimed the bridegroom when he wished me "Good-bye" that day. But Lucy said nothing, save "Good-bye, Peter;" and even to that I could not reply. They were very happy, those two, as indeed they deserved to be. Whatever was wanting at that time in him, her good sense supplied; while in her, neither then nor afterwards, was there anything wanting. She had sympathized as much as lay in her power in the tastes and opinions of her father; she had had a bringing-up which, in these days, would have at least resulted in what is called a strong-minded woman—rather as opposed to a gentle one. This could scarcely, indeed, have been the case with Lucy, but her marriage with Marmaduke made it impossible. Her mind had heretofore been, as it were, all orchard, bringing forth fine and vigorous fruit; a portion of it now became a garden, producing flowers, dainty and rare. Her teacher being also her lover, it was no wonder that her progress was rapid; and it is probable that the young student had never found his studies so sweet as when communicating them to such a pupil. From her father, she had learned philosophy; from her husband, how to appreciate all that was beautiful in Nature and touching in Song. As for her politics, Marmaduke was infinitely more solicitous to imbue her with correct views respecting the poets, which perhaps was fortunate enough; she would never have admitted, even to please him, that her beloved father was wrong, or even extreme in his views of government. And in truth, those opinions of hers—so enthusiastic, so tropical, and founded upon the mistake of believing all her fellow creatures as guileless as herself—gave her conversation an added charm. To hear her talk of wrongs and rights, with heightened color and earnest eyes—no matter how elevated the rank of the person addressed, nor how nearly connected with the very executive of whose acts she was complaining—was enough to make a bishop exchange his mitre for a white hat, and adopt the Thirty-nine Articles recommended by Mr. Hone.

"Judge Jeffreys himself could never have had the heart to condemn my Lucy for a rebel," Mr. Harvey Gerard was wont to say; "although," he would add, with a cynical twinkle in his eye, "I would not trust my Lord Ellenborough."

Mr. Long and myself were both in Harley Street upon the day when Marmaduke came of age; and after dinner, Mr. Clint made a little speech, not without connivance, I think, beforehand with others of the party. He observed that gratifying as was the occasion in question in all respects, it was most satisfactory to himself, as concluding the period which Marmaduke had assigned as the limit of his abstaining from taking his rightful position in the world. He ventured to say this much upon his own part, as having been connected with the Heath family for a lengthened period; but he would also say for others—what he knew they would be backward to say for themselves—that his young friend owed it to them also not to delay the matter any longer.

Marmaduke's face expressed more painful agitation than I had seen it wear for months.

"I suppose you are right, Mr. Clint," he returned; "and, at all events, I will be as good as my word—which I passed to Mrs. Heath"—and he looked at his wife, as though he would have appealed to her to release him from that promise.

"Of course, I am right, sir," returned the lawyer, quickly; "but you are wrong, and very uncivil not to give your wife her proper title. Lady Heath, I beg to drink your very good health; Sir Marmaduke, here's to your better manners;" and the lawyer emptied his glass, and filled it up again, in case any other good excuse should arise for the drinking of good liquor.

"Lady Heath's health; her husband's better manners," echoed laughingly round the table.

Marmaduke nerved himself by a strong effort, and replied to this toast with feeling and eloquence. He promised to accede to the request made by Mr. Clint, and to that end would return with us to Fairburn on the next day but one, to make his arrangements personally for coming to reside at the Hall. As for his not having assumed the title, he protested, amidst merriment, that he had not hitherto done so, solely out of deference to the feelings of his father-in-law, whom he had once heard describe a Baronet as a something only not quite so bad as a Lord.

We were all delighted not only with the intentions Marmaduke thus expressed, but with the cheerfulness and gayety of his manner in speaking of them; and when the rest had retired for the night, and my old friend and I were in my room having that last chat by the midnight fire which is perhaps the zenith of human converse, as the curtain-lecture is undoubtedly the nadir, I could not help congratulating him on his change of spirits.

"That you are a happy man, I know," said I; "you would be ungrateful indeed if you were otherwise. But I cannot say how pleased I am to find that the good Genius, who has so blessed you in other respects, has exorcised this phantom fear of yours; that you no longer dread that childish bugbear, Sir Massingberd."

"Hush!" cried he, looking involuntarily over his shoulder; "do not mention that name, Peter. I would gladly give up house and land this moment, never to go back to Fairburn; I have a presentiment that evil will come of it. She would absolve me from my promise even now—Heaven bless her, as it must do, for she is of the angels!—but that there will be another soon whose interests must be looked to as well as our own. You will be godfather, dear Peter, will you not? Lucy and I both wish it. 'Let it be Peter's god-child, Marmaduke,' she said to me only yesterday, although I should not divulge these secrets to an old bachelor like you."

Of course I promised readily enough; but long after he had bidden me Good-night, I sat over the paling embers, thinking, thinking; and when every coal was charred, and the black bars cold that held them, I sat thinking still. My hopes for a few fleeting hours long ago, had been as bright and warm as they, and were now as dark—and dead. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The richest and most successful operator at our Stock Board, worth easy half a million, one year and a half ago had some trouble to raise funds enough to purchase his dinner. The three heavy operators on Wall street two years ago had not a dollar. One of them was a ticket-seller at Staten Island. Now he controls stock enough of one of our heaviest railroads to elect a President. The men who are making all the rumpus in stocks are men whom, outside of Wall street, men would not trust with one hundred dollars. They buy, smash up, take fifty dollars and start again.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

☞ An order just issued from the War Department, deprives army generals and other officers in the coming Virginia campaign of the luxury of four horse field carriages, furnished by quartermasters at the expense of the government, and constituting a feature peculiar to the army of the Potomac. Gen. Grant riding in the rain to the front the other day on horseback in his usual plain way, met Gen. Ingalls coming into town in one of these asiatic equipages. It is said that they were mutually surprised.

☞ A brass band, containing twenty young female performers, called the "Carter Zouave Troupe," is going the rounds.

☞ A mother told her little boy to pray that all his old naughty sins might be taken away. He complied, and prayed as follows: "O Lord, take away all my old naughty sins, and give me some good new ones." His mother didn't see it in that light.

A REMARKABLE COMPANY.—Company D, of the 47th Pennsylvania Volunteers, raised in Perry county, has in it five brothers, named Brady; four brothers and a cousin, named Powell; three brothers, named Baltzer; three brothers, named Keiser; three brothers and brothers-in-law, named Harper; one father and two sons, six pairs of brothers and two step brothers. They are mainly of the old Holland stock, and lived within a circuit of fifteen miles. They are all re-enlisted men but two or three. The company has been out over two years, most of the time at the extreme Southern posts. During eighteen months they lost but one man by sickness. They kept up strict sanitary regulations, commuted their rations of salt meat for fresh meat and vegetables, and saved by the operation from one hundred to one hundred and thirty dollars a month, with which they made a company fund, appointing the Captain treasurer, and out of which whatever knicknacks were needed could be purchased. Not one of the men has been court-martialled. A record like this is rare in the army. It shows, however, what sobriety, attention to health, and intelligent intercourse, will do.

FEARFUL DEATH.—Miss Stockwell, a talented and beautiful young lady from Evansville, Indiana, on a visit to Bowling Green, Kentucky, had, with two other young ladies, been spending last Friday with some friends living on the opposite side of Barren river from the town. Late in the afternoon they started on their return to Bowling Green. The wind had risen and was blowing a furious gale. In attempting to cross the railroad bridge, over Barren river, a sudden gust swept the surface, and in spite of struggles against the powerful blast, Miss Stockwell and Miss Cook were carried over the edge of the bridge. Fortunately the skirts of Miss C. caught on the timbers, and held fast until she could be rescued. But no friendly jutting saved the fall of Miss S. She was blown from the giddy height, and fell with a heavy splash into the river, seventy feet below the span of the bridge. She was speedily rescued from the water, but all efforts to restore her failed. She lingered about two hours.—*Louisville Jour.*

LEE PROVIDING FOR HIS CAVALRY.—A body of soldiers entered Richmond a few days ago, and impressed all the horses at livery and in private stables. The Richmond Examiner says: "General Lee wants ten thousand horses immediately, and must have them. So Richmond must furnish them, as everything else, if her citizens have to draw the hearse to the funeral." This looks as if Lee expected some business shortly.

☞ "What a small kitchen!" exclaimed Queen Elizabeth, after going through a handsome mansion. "It is by having a small kitchen," replied the owner, "that I am able to keep so large a house."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market continues dull. Sales 12 000 bbls Flour in lots, at $7@7,25 for superfine; $7,50@7,75 for extras; $7,75@8,50 for extra family, called at $8@8,25 for fair to good Pennsylvania and Western; $8,75@9 for high grade do, and $9,50@10 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is selling at $7 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is scarce.

GRAIN—The market is poorly supplied with Wheat. Sales reach some 25 000 bushels, at $1,80@1,90 for fair to good and prime Western and Pennsylvania reds; $1,85@1,93 for Delaware do, and $1,95@2,10 for white, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye—4000 bushels sold at $1,50 for Southern, and $1,55@1,60 for Pennsylvania and Northern. Corn—30,000 bushels sold at $1,35@1,37 for Pennsylvania and Southern yellow, in the cars and afloat, and $1,32@1,34 for white. Oats—20,000 bushels found buyers at 88@90c.

PROVISIONS—The market for all kinds is inactive. Of bbld Meats the stocks are light, and Mess Pork is quoted at $37½@38½ ₱ bbl. Beef Hams are held at $29 ₱ bbl. Mess ranges at $15@20 ₱ bbl, as to brand. Bacon moves off as wanted at 13@13½c for Shoulders; 13½@14c for Sides, and 18@20c for plain and fancy Hams. Green Meats are dull but quiet at 16½@17c for salt and pickled Hams, and 12½@13½c for Shoulders. For Lard the demand is limited at 14½@15c for fair to prime Western tierce, and 15½@16½c for kegs. Butter moves off rather more freely at 30@35c for Penna and Ohio, packed and roll, and 30@35c for New York state, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is selling at 10@12c ₱ lb. Eggs firm at 19c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—Sales of 300 bales at 85 to 86½c for ordinary to middling and good middling quality.

BARK—Sales of 80 hhds Quercitron at $40 for 1st No 1.

BEESWAX—Yellow brings 55@57c ₱ lb.

COAL—The market is firm. Prices range at $8@8,50 ₱ ton, on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is quiet, with a few small sales of Rio at 45½@46½c.

COPPER—Yellow Metal is steady, at 38c for sheets.

FEATHERS—We quote Western at 65@67c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—The demand continues good, with sales of Dried Apples at 10½@11c, and Unpared Peaches at 19@20c ₱ lb.

HAY is selling at $37,50 ₱ ton.

HOPS move off at 35@38 c ₱ lb.

IRON—The market is active and the demand for Pig Metal good; sales of 1000 tons in lots at $55@58 ₱ ton for the three numbers. No change in Manufactured Iron.

LUMBER is in fair demand; sales of White Pine Boards at $31@34; Yellow Sap do $28, and Lehigh Hemlock at $24. Hemlock Raft Lumber is quoted at $19@20 for Joist and Scantling, and Boards at $2 @25 ₱ M.

RICE—Rangoon is quoted at 11½@11¾c ₱ lb.

SEEDS remain quiet, and for Clover seed the demand is limited at $7@7,25 ₱ bus. Timothy is steady but dull at $2 75@3 ₱ bus, and Flaxseed in fair demand at $3 37@3,40 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in Brandy or Gin. N E. Rum is inactive, but firm at 150@160c. Whiskey is unsettled at 125c for Pennsylvania and Western bbls.

SUGARS—The market is firm; some 900 hhds Cuba have been disposed of at 16¼@18¼c, on time, for fair to good and prime quality.

TALLOW is firm; sales of City Rendered at 14@14¼c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The market remains quiet. Sales new Penna Seed Leaf at from 10 to 25c ₱ lb.

WOOL—There is a fair demand from manufacturers, with sales of 120 000 lbs domestic at from 78 to 85c for low to medium and fine fleece and tub, mostly at 80@83c ₱ lb nett.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head. The prices realized were from $12 to 16 ₱ 100 lbs. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₱ head. 4000 Sheep were sold at from 6½ to 7¼ cts ₱ lb. 5000 head Hogs brought from $11 to 13 ₱ 100 lbs.

U. S. 10-40 BONDS.

These Bonds are issued under the Act of Congress of March 3th, 1864, which provides that in lieu of so much of the loan authorized by the Act of March 3d, 1863, to which this is supplementary, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to borrow from time to time, on the credit of the United States, not exceeding TWO HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS during the current fiscal year, and to prepare and issue therefor Coupon and Registered Bonds of the United States; and all Bonds issued under this Act shall be EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by or under any State or municipal authority. Subscriptions to these Bonds are received in United States notes or notes of National Banks. They are TO BE REDEEMED IN COIN, at the pleasure of the Government, at any period *not less than ten nor more than forty years* from their date, and until their redemption FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST WILL BE PAID IN COIN, on Bonds of not over one hundred dollars annually, and on all other Bonds semi-annually.

The interest is payable on the first days of March and September in each year. The semi-annual Coupons are payable at those dates, and the annual Coupons on the 50 and 100 dollar Bonds are payable on the first of March.

Subscribers will receive either Registered or Coupon Bonds, as they may prefer. Registered Bonds are recorded on the books of the U. S. Treasurer, and can be transferred only on the owner's order. Coupon Bonds are payable to bearer, and are more convenient for commercial uses.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of Fifty Dollars ($50), One Hundred Dollars ($100), Five Hundred Dollars ($500), One Thousand Dollars ($1,000), Five Thousand Dollars ($5,000), and Ten Thousand Dollars ($10,000); and Coupon Bonds of the denominations of Fifty Dollars ($50), One Hundred Dollars ($100), Five Hundred Dollars ($500), and One Thousand Dollars ($1,000).

Subscribers to this loan will have the option of having their Bonds draw interest from March 1st, by paying the accrued interest in coin—(or in United States notes, or the notes of National Banks, adding fifty per cent for premium,) or receive them drawing interest from the date of subscription and deposit.

As these Bonds are exempt from municipal or State taxation, their value is increased from one to three per cent. per annum, according to the rate of tax levies in various parts of the country.

At the present rate of premium on gold they pay over eight per cent. interest in currency, and are of equal convenience as a permanent or temporary investment.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as the various descriptions of U. S. Bonds. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties or stock companies or separate communities only is pledged for payment, while for the debts of the United States the whole property of the country is holden to secure the payment of both principal and interest in coin.

These Bonds may be subscribed for in sums from $50 up to any magnitude, on the same terms, and are thus made equally available to the smallest lender and the largest capitalist. They can be converted into money at any moment, and the holder will have the benefit of the interest.

The fact that all duties on imports are payable in specie furnishes a fund for like payment of interest on all Government Bonds largely in excess of the wants of the treasury for this purpose.

Upon the receipt of subscriptions a certificate of deposit therefor, in duplicate, will be issued, the original of which will be forwarded by the subscriber to the Secretary of the Treasury, at Washington, with a letter stating the kind (registered or coupon) and the denominations of bonds required.

Upon the receipt of the original certificates at the Treasury Department the bonds subscribed for will be transmitted to the subscribers respectively.

Subscriptions will be received by the *Treasurer of the United States* at Washington, and the *Assistant Treasurers* at Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, and by the

First National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.
First National Bank of Carlisle, Pa.
First National Bank of Danville, Pa.
First National Bank of Erie, Pa.
First National Bank of Marietta, Pa.
First National Bank of Meadville, Pa.
First National Bank of Scranton, Pa.
Second National Bank of Scranton, Pa.
First National Bank of Strasburg, Pa.
First National Bank of Towanda, Pa.
First National Bank of West Chester, Pa.
Second National Bank of Wilkesbarre, Pa.
First National Bank of York, Pa.
First National Bank of Parkersburg, W. Va.
First National Bank of Washington, D. C.
First National Bank of Newark, N. J.
First National Bank of Baltimore.
First National Bank of Binghampton, N. Y.
First National Bank of Elmira, N. Y.,

and by all National Banks which are depositaries of public money. All respectable banks and bankers throughout the country will furnish further information on application, and afford every facility to subscribers. ap23-4t

PHOSPHINIANA.—A CALIFORNIA COAL MINE.—Several years ago, Louis Derny, better known as "John Phenix," went out from Monterey, (Cal.) says the Gazette, to survey some point in the interior. With his train was a portable forge and a supply of coal. Some miles from town the wagon containing the coal stalled in the edge of a patch of tules and a large portion of the latter was dumped out in the effort to extricate the former, and left. Some six or eight years afterwards, and long after the circumstances had passed into oblivion, some parties stumbled upon the coal partially exposed to view in consequence of the tule swamp drying up. Specimens were brought to town; friends let into the arrangement; a compromise made with the owner of the land, and a company formed in approved style. Snares commanded fabulous offers—one of our citizens tendered $1 200 in coin for an interest; the offer was secured. At last Monterey had "struck it." In the meantime, a quiet German went out with his cart, gathered up the entire prospect, and carried it home.

COVERED WITH SORES.
COVERED WITH SORES.
COVERED WITH SORES.

Gov. John J. Middleton, U. S. Minister to Russia, under the administration of President Polk, certifies that a favorite servant of his was covered from head to feet with the most frightful sores. In a letter to Mr. James Palmer, who is at present Secretary of the Drug Exchange, and a wholesale Druggist in Philadelphia, stated that Radway's Renovating Resolvent made a perfect cure. There is no medicine in the world that will cure Skin Diseases, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Scrofula, Chronic Diseases, Salt Rheum, Strumous Discharges from the Ear, Glandular Swellings so quick and thoroughly as Radway's Renovating Resolvent. One to six bottles will cure the worst case. Price $1 per bottle.

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From R. B. HEINTZELMAN, *Steward 72d Reg., P. V.* "Your medicine preparation (Brown's Bronchial Troches) is certainly valuable to soldiers in the field, and I feel satisfied, it generally adopted at the hospitals, many sleepless nights of the weary soldier would be averted. Our regiment are now testing their qualities, and I believe are all satisfied with their good effects in alleviating those distressing affections of the throat arising from cold and exposure. They are now daily prescribed in our hospital and at the surgeon's morning call." Sold everywhere at 25 cts. per box.

NOT A DYE, BUT A PERFECT HAIR DRESSING AND RESTORER OF COLOR COMBINED.
A Sure Preventive of Baldness.
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
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Does not soil hat, bonnet, or the finest linen; restores gray hair, promotes a luxuriant growth of new hair, removes all dandruff, itching, scurf, &c., from the scalp, rendering it perfectly healthy; keeps the hair moist, glossy and beautiful; highly perfumed, as a dressing it has no superior. Single bottles, 50 cents; six bottles, $2,50. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. mar26-cow

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d of April, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Lt. JOSEPH H. WILLIAMS, to Miss ALICE A. HENRY, both of this city.

On the 27th of April, by the Rev. J. F. Chaplain, Mr. CHARLES H. BOCKIUS, to Miss MARY E. ALEXANDER, both of this city.

On the 28th of April, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. THOMAS ELLIS, to Miss ISABELLA FULTON, both of this city.

On the 27th of April, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. NATHAN S. C. FOLWELL, to Miss HARRIET K SCHROETER, daughter of Philip Schroeter, Esq., both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. SAMUEL A. KIRBY, to Miss SOPHIA M. LITTENBRANDT both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, THOMAS LAWRENCE, to CARRIE FORD, both of this city.

On the 30th of April, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Serg't. JAMES KENNY, Co. C, 28th P. V. V., Miss EMELINE M. MOLL, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, REBECCA BROWSON, in her 74th year.

On the 3d instant, GEORGE W. BOWERS, in his 20th year.

On the 3d instant, Mr. JOHN PAGE, in his 69th year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. MARY FOSTER, aged 38 years.

On the 7d instant, GRACE OAKFORD, in her 74th year.

On the 1st instant, ALFRED F. GRIFFITH, aged 33 years.

On the 1st instant, CATHARINE CRAWFORD, in her 18th year.

On the 1st instant, CATHARINE DOWNEY, aged 65 years.

On the 29th of April, JOSEPH KERR, in his 53d year.

On the 29th of April, MARY MIDDLETON, in her 80th year.

EYRE & LANDELL, 400 ARCH ST.,
Rich Silks for town trade.
Best stock of Shawls in town.
Dress Goods, popular styles.
Tan and Field Sack Cloths.
Nobby style Cassimeres.
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SINCLAIR FOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
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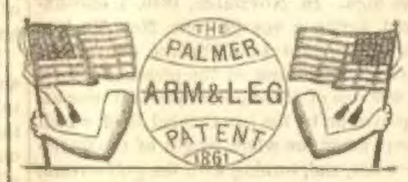

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Wit and Humor.

A LOSING GAME.

Some years since, before the secession war, a Southern gentleman visited the North for the purpose of seeing the lion and fighting the tiger.

He tried the tiger, and didn't like it, and thought he'd take a shy at a game familiar to him by name only, called roulette. One turn of roulette, you know, makes the whole world win! He started out in quest of the game, only knowing that roulette had something to do with roll, but entirely ignorant whether that roll was a French or a Dutch one. On the first corner he met a barrel-organ man grinding away for dear life.

He was turning as though he had only a few moments to turn in, and didn't want to die before his work was completed. The tune was "The Bold Privateer."

Our Georgian friend thought he'd found his game. Stepping briskly up, he laid a dollar bill down on the box. The organ man's eyes opened—he bagged the bill, and ground away with renewed vigor. Our Georgian thought he had lost, and "doubled up," laying down a two dollar bill. That was bagged and the barrel of the organ went whirling around as though there were seven imps inside it.

To make a long story short, the thing went on, and the Georgian "doubled up"—the organ-grinder pocketing the money all the time—until he had "nary" another dollar left.

But he didn't complain. As he saw the last of his currency bagged by the delighted organ-grinder, he simply remarked:

"Well, of all the games I ever backed against, that is the dogdarnedest! I guess I'll jump it;" and he left.

ASK THE CAPTAIN.

While crossing the plains to Santa Fee, General Kearney was some distance ahead with the advance guard. One of the officers belonging to the rear division singled Bob out and sent him ahead with a letter to the General. When he came up with them they had camped, and Bob sauntered into the General's marque.

"We're gittin' along right sharp, General," said he.

"Yes, sir," answered the Commander.

"I wish you'd jist look at that hoss o' mine, General, and give me your 'pinion how he'll stand the racket clar through to where we're goin'."

"Have you a captain at the head of your company?" inquired the General.

"Wall, we hev, hoss, and he's some punkins, too," answered Bob.

"Whenever you wish to learn anything in regard to your movements, then," said the General, "inquire of him."

"That's military, is it?" inquired Bob.

"That is military, sir," answered the General.

"Well, General, they gin me a letter for you, but cuss me if I know whether I oughter give it to you in pusson, or send it thro' your orderly, so I'll go back and *ask the Cap'n*," and back he went, sure enough, with the letter in his possession.

VULGARITY IN CUCUMBERS.—We never dreamed, until recently, of the existence of an aristocracy of appetite. We overheard in a market, the following brief dialogue between an old woman and a little girl, while they were standing in front of a vegetable stand:

"Grandmother," said the little girl, "buy some of these cucumbers."

"No, my child," replied the lady.

"Why not?" asked the little girl.

"Because I should hate to be seen carrying them home, when everybody knows they are only a penny a piece!"

The little girl did not appear to appreciate the excuse.

FOOTING IT.—Foote was near catching it from an irascible General whom he had caricatured on his stage. They met in a coffee-room, and the victim said:

"Mr. Foote, I hear you are wonderfully clever at taking off people."

"I have been told so," said Sam, "but what is more wonderful, I often take myself off."

"Pray let us have a specimen," said the General.

Foote put on his hat and gloves, took his cane, made a bow, and bolted.

☞ A witty gentleman, speaking of a friend who was prostrated by illness, remarked that he could hardly recover, since his constitution was all gone. "If his constitution is all gone," said a bystander, "I do not see how he lives at all." "Oh," responded the wag, "he lives on the bye-laws."

☞ "Faith, Jamie! an' what have ye got your stockings on wrong side out for, ye spalpeen?" said one Irishman to another. "Och! be jabers, Pat, an' don't ye see it is to hide the holes in them," replied Jamie.

☞ Jenkins says the drift of a speaker's remarks he heard the other night was higher and cooler than any snow drift he ever saw.

ARE THERE MEN IN THE MOON?

Mr. H. B. Small, late of Lincoln College, Oxford, recently delivered a lecture on the moon's structure, before the Montreal Historical Society of Montreal. After explaining that astronomers had been unable to discover any signs of the existence of an atmosphere surrounding the moon, the lecturer said:—"If we are to make our argument of the moon being inhabited from analogy, we must start from some of the essential conditions of life in this globe. Take, for instance, air—could we conceive existence without it how strange would it be. Little is thought in our daily career, of the functions of the atmosphere. In its absence eternal silence must reign, conversation carried on only by signs; the eagle and condor would flap their wings in vain attempts to rise; no fuel would burn, nothing but electric light dispel the darkness. No tinted clouds nor gorgeous skies, but monotony of scene, ubiquity of darkness. Failing thus to exhibit the prime moter of life, it has been asserted that the moon is no evidence of the plurality of worlds. But modern discovery has shown that there may be a probability of life existing there unknown to us. It has always been thought that what was applicable to one side of her disc, was applicable to the other. But to Mr. Hausen, a distinguished continental astronomer, is due the honor of discovering a discrepancy in that idea. The slightest deviation in time of the moon's course is noted accurately, and several cases of irregularity he has ascribed to the effect of uneven gravitation. He states that the centre of gravity and the centre of figure are not coincident, one being distant from the other eight miles! Thus her sphere is composed of a light and heavy half. An egg with its small end pointed to the eye, represents well its figure. Balls have been cast hollow, but with one side thicker than the other; the density being given, calculation describes the curve to a nicety, and *vice versa*. His conclusion, then, is that the hemisphere turned toward us is the lighter half. The application of this to the question of inhabitants is very direct, as air and water would naturally gravitate to the heaviest side; and the imagination is free to picture on the other side of the moon, a world corresponding to our own in the enjoyment of air and water."

PRISONS AND BIRDS.

It is very pleasant to have singing birds in our houses, and few people think that the little songsters might prefer the open air and the woods to the confinement of a cage. But one who has been shut up in prison himself understands it, like the sailor in the following anecdote:

Soon after the close of the long French war in Europe, a boy stood on one of the bridges that cross the Thames at London, with a number of small birds in a cage for sale.

A sailor, who was passing, observed the little prisoners fluttering about the cage, peeping anxiously through the wires, and manifesting their eager desire to regain their liberty. He stood some time looking at the birds, apparently lost in thought. At length, addressing the boy, he said:

"How much do you ask for your birds, my boy?"

"Sixpence apiece, sir."

"I don't ask how much apiece," said the sailor; "how much for the lot? I want to buy all hands."

The boy made his calculations—they came to six shillings.

"There is your money," said the sailor, giving the cash, which the boy received with evident satisfaction.

No sooner was the bargain closed than the sailor opened the cage door and let all the birds fly away.

The boy, astonished, exclaimed:

"Why did you do that, sir? You have lost all your birds."

"I'll tell you why I did it. I was shut up three years in a French prison as a prisoner of war, and I am resolved never to see anything in prison that I can make free."

☞ VENTILATING HAT.—Our slow cousins in England have discovered that a ventilating hat may be produced by perforating a small part of the crown, similar to the holes on the sheets of postage stamps. We have gone far enough to abandon that discovery, having tried the arrangement and found that it would not produce ventilation at all. The system of the street loafers is better. They wear no crown to the hat. Their system of ventilation is perfect, and the effect more picturesque.

☞ The English have established another extensive musket manufactory on the American plan at Birmingham. Notwithstanding they have had two such establishments in operation for several years, they were obliged to send to Massachusetts for all the machinery, tools and fixtures, not having yet learned to make them. The American plan of making all the parts so that they will fit any gun made in the same manner excites much admiration.

☞ If you wish to recollect a man's name, go security for him. For keeping your memory fresh, there is nothing like it.

☞ PAT.—An Irishman's repartee is generally like himself—*pat*.

A NARROW WAY.

CITY LADY.—"Well, dear, if this is the usual style of thing in this part of the country, the farmers had better write up 'no thoroughfare' at once; then people would know what to do."

OCEAN WAVES.

Great exaggeration has prevailed in respect to the altitude of ocean waves. Even learned writers, until very recently, continued to speak of their rising forty or fifty feet high. In November, 1840, I encountered, during a voyage from New York to Barbadoes, in a small barque, one of the severest hurricanes of the present century. It was one of those great cyclonical storms, reported on by the late Colonel Reid, which swept down the whole length of the Caribbean sea, and, turning with the gulf stream, followed the coast of North America to Newfoundland, and finally crossed the Atlantic to the shores of England. Owing to the ignorance and stupidity of the captain, we received the whole force of the storm for four days, almost under bare poles, when, by changing the course of his ship, he might have run out of it in a few hours, as I endeavored in vain to convince him. When we reached the middle of the Gulf Stream, where the current was three knots an hour, off the capes of Carolina, we had the wind at its greatest force from the north, almost in an opposite direction to the current, thus raising the waves to what people delight to call, in poetic language, "mountains high." Being a good sailor, I mounted the mast to get a better view of the terrible desolation which surrounded our little barque, and to measure the value of the waves. I was quite surprised when I mounted thirty feet, to find that I was on a level with the waves when the ship was at the bottom of the "troughs." I therefore arrived at the conclusion that they never rise above sixteen or eighteen feet above the ocean's level when at rest. The violence of the waves was such, (as we found when we came into port,) that nearly one-third of the copper was torn from the ship's sides and bottom.—*Wilson's Science of Shipbuilding.*

THE ALPINE HORN.—The horn of the Alps is employed in the mountainous districts of Switzerland, not solely to sound the cow-call, (Kuhreihu Rauz-des Vaches,) but for another purpose, solemn and religious. As soon as the sun has disappeared in the valleys, and its last rays are just glimmering on the snowy summit of the mountains, then the herdsman who dwells on the loftiest takes his horn and trumpets forth "Praise God the Lord!" All the herds in the neighborhood, on hearing this, come out of their huts, take their horns, and repeat the words. This often continues a quarter of an hour, whilst on all sides the mountains echo the name of God. A profound and solemn stillness follows; every individual offers his secret prayer on bended knees and uncovered head. By this time it is quite dark. "Good night!" trumpets forth the herd on the loftiest summit. "Good night!" is repeated on all the mountains from the horns of the herds and the clefts of the rocks. Then each one lays himself down to rest.

A COOL ONE.—A Danish officer is making observations in regard to the deviations of rifle bullets. One day when walking on the ramparts at Duppel; he saw a Prussian sharpshooter taking aim at him. While the soldier placed himself against a tree, in order to take a steadier aim, the officer raised his glass to watch the movements. "This is all right," said he; "the musket is just on a line with my breast—we shall see!" The trigger was pulled, and the Dane quietly wrote down—"At the distance of about 500 yards the deviation of a ball from a rifle musket is about one metre."

☞ "I think I now see a new *fee*-ture in this case," as the lawyer said when his client informed him that he had plenty of money.

☞ Whiskey is quoted as unsteady. So are those who drink it to excess.

Useful Receipts.

WHITEWASH THAT WILL NOT RUB OFF.—Mix up half a pailful of lime and water, take half a pint of flour and make a starch of it, and pour it into the whitewash while hot. Stir it well and it is ready for use.

TO PRESERVE FRUIT.—Pick off the stems and put the fruit into bottles; fill them quite to the top. Put the cork on loosely, and set them upright in a pan of water; place this on the fire till it nearly boils; let it stand afterwards for a quarter of an hour. Pour boiling water into each bottle, leaving an inch unfilled; cork tight, and allow them to cool. Pack them away with the bottles placed horizontally, to keep the corks moist. Fruit that is not quite ripe preserves best.

TO WASH FLANNELS.—To wash flannels, and woven under-clothing, merino, or wool, the important point is to wash them in warm water, rather above luke-warm, in which the soap has been boiled or dissolved, and not to rub the soap upon the woolen. Rinse them thoroughly in water rather hotter than that in which they have been washed; this removes the soap from the material instead of allowing it to remain and get hard, as it does if the last water is not decidedly hotter than the first. This plan will also be found to succeed perfectly with fleecy or Berlin wool; but then I generally wring the different articles or skeins by twisting them up in a linen cloth, so as to avoid straining the wool, and do not dry them too quickly. But the important point is certainly getting them thoroughly free from the soap, which would otherwise thicken and stiffen in the fine pores of the wool.

TO MAKE CHEAP WRITING INK.—Boil a handful of maple, black walnut or chestnut bark in a gallon of water. When it is boiled down to a half gallon or quart, throw in a tablespoonful of copperas. Then boil till it arrives at a proper thickness for use, which can be known by trying it with pen and paper.

TO SOFTEN HARD WATER.—A few ounces of soda will soften a hogshead of the hardest water. It is greatly superior to pot or pearl ash, giving a delicate whiteness to the linen, without the slightest injury, and it never, unless excess is used, in the least affects the hands.

ASPARAGUS SOUP.—First make a stock with 4 lbs. of shin of beef cut into slices, dredged with flour, seasoned with salt and pepper, and fried in butter a clear brown color. Then put it into a saucepan with ½ lb. of ham, 4 sliced carrots, 1 turnip cut into pieces, a small head of celery, 2 leeks, and an onion with 3 cloves in it, peppercorns, a small bunch of savory herbs, and a teaspoonful of moist sugar. Pour upon these 2 quarts and a pint of water, and let all simmer gently by the side of the fire from three to four hours, skimming the surface frequently during that time. Strain the liquor through a sieve into a large pan, and remove all the fat which rises when it is cold. In the meantime, take 50 head of asparagus, and scrape the stems lightly with a sharp knife, and cut off about an inch and a half of the green tender point, throwing each into cold water as it is prepared. Stew the stems in a pint of water, with a little salt and a few onions; when they are tender, strain off the liquor, and add it to the clear stock. Boil both liquor and stock together, and then throw in the asparagus tips, and continue boiling for a quarter of an hour longer. Some people prefer this soup with the addition of a little sherry, but it somewhat destroys the flavor of the asparagus.

☞ Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.

☞ Ladies should not have very minute feet—they should not stand upon trifles.

NATURE PLAYING AT MUD-PIES.—In 1828, Dr. Duncan observed in certain sandstones the footprints of tortoises, and following up the cue thus furnished to a suggestive mind, the Dumfrieshire discovery has expanded into a separate little science called Ichnology. It amounts to this. Myriads or millions of years ago the tide was out and the beach was smooth, and soft, and flat, and there fell a shower of rain and pitted the surface in a particular way; or it was hail which made its own particular mark. Then came a little soft water lizard, or a crab sidling along, or a frog the size of a well-fed pig, leaping and waddling by turns; and on the calcareous mud each inscribed the whole history of that day's proceedings—a little autobiography, or Pilgrim's Progress in the genuine reptilian or batrachian handwriting; and there it remained till the tide gently rose and with fine sand or clay filled up the impressions. And, now that the whole is converted into rock, there comes some exploring Miller or Mantel, and turns over the stony leaves, and reads the record as plain as if it had been printed yesterday.

☞ A little wit will serve a fortunate man.

Agricultural.

GROW MORE FRUIT!

Now is the accepted time for each farmer, owner of a lot, or even a small garden to set out additional fruit trees. It should not be delayed a single day longer than can be helped. Make your selection from the carefully prepared list we presented on the 9th ultimo. Be sure, in going into a nursery that you adhere to your selections from the list; that the trees are lifted with all the valuable portions of the roots; that the stems are stout and straight and the branches low and numerous. Transplant as we have often advised, and stake firmly. Cherry trees, especially, require to be well supported *for several years*, otherwise they frequently become earth-bound, and either blow down in a heavy storm, or make unhealthy trees. Too much care cannot be observed in taking up, transplanting, as well as in managing the cherry tree afterward. It rarely ever completely recovers from a bruise or injury, though sometimes it may be of the most trifling character.

Where trees threaten to become too large in yards and gardens, there should be no hesitation in shortening-in to any desirable extent. Of course this must be done at the proper season—either in the latter part of July, or after the fall of the leaf up to the end of February. There need be no fear of injury, provided the pruning is done carefully with a saw, sharp knife or cutter. Many trees can be reduced to one-half their size and produce a double amount of fruit.

It is maintained by most fruit-growers that cherries never do well in low or moist soils. To this we have never assented. Our own experience and observation have convinced us of the unsoundness of this. Our trees all stand in low ground, and of course to a certain degree moist; yet we have never failed in a crop, even when the crop was a pretty general failure elsewhere.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

PLANTING AT INTERVALS.

The Mark Lane Express has the following upon this subject. Like everything else in farming, a sound judgment must be exercised in this matter. As a general thing, our people plant too close, we think. On rich, moist soils, where the plants reach great luxuriance, there must, of course, be ample room for light and air, in order to secure perfection in the crop. On light, pine plain lands, even though tolerably well manured, the crop will flourish better planted at moderate distances rather than in very wide ones.

The subject of wide intervals between the rows of all sorts of cropping is so extensive that we shall devote a paper to some circumstances bearing upon it. Meanwhile, we record it as our opinion that the drilling of beans at very broad distances, and pursuing a system of tillage between, is not nearly so generally adopted as it might be with very great success. We have seen winter beans in single rows five feet apart yielding fifty imperial bushels per acre; the manuring, of course, being very high, the tillage exceedingly deep, and the hoeing followed up with frequency. And yet there are persons who are skeptical as to the possibility of so few rows being able to contain pods enough for such a magnificent yield.

WILTED POTATOES FOR PLANTING.—Some writers have recommended the planting of dried potatoes as a preventive of the rot. A Pennsylvania correspondent of the Rural New Yorker says:

I once overlooked a few rows dropped, which remained unnoticed and consequently uncovered during several days, and not only wilted but considerably dried. These had the advantage in the strong and healthy appearance of the tops throughout the season, and in the tubers at digging, over those covered fresh from the pit. Cut the potatoes and scatter on a little plaster, to prevent bleeding, and allow to wilt if time and circumstances will admit.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 9, 18, 7, 16, is a story.
My 19, 2, 15, 11, is to tear.
My 6, 13, 4, is an animal.
My 1, 5, 14, 3, is a kind of grass.
My 13, 8, 6, is a part of an animal.
My 17, 10, 19, 15, 16, 19, is a man's name.
My 12, 8, 6, 18, is an animal.
My whole is an old saying. YATES.
St. Louis.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My whole is an important item in the history of shopping.
Behead me and I will cost my whole.
Again, and I am freezing.
Strike out my body and leave my extremes, and I am the sign of an explanation.
Run away with my tail, and you will leave—myself. CHAL.
Woodfield, Ohio.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A city in New Hampshire.
A city in South America.
A river in Russia.
A city in Europe.
A country in Asia.
A city in Persia.
A city in Hindoostan.
My initials form the name of one and my finals the name of another country in Europe.
SHESH B. WEST.
Bentleysville, Wash. Co., Pa.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is an oblong square tract of land, contained in the 4 consecutive corners A, B, C, and D. A measure is taken from the first corner (A) to a point on the second side at the distance of 51 perches from the third corner, and this distance is found to be 261 perches. Then also a measure is taken from the third corner (C) to a point on the first side at the distance of 52 perches from the first corner, and this distance is found to be 272 perches. I wish that Mathematicians would look into it to determine whether there is with this enough given to find the area of the tract; and if there is, I wish that some one of them would return an answer to the Post; and send a solution thereof addressed to
YOUNG MATHEMATICIAN.
Selinsgrove, Snyder Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man earned $13 per day. At the close of each of five successive days divided his wages between his two children, so that the number of dollars received by each one should each time be a perfect square, and that 9 or 4 should not be the result of either division, and the division each day should result in a new set of numbers. Required—the amount received by each child on each of the 5 days?
MORGAN STEVENS.
☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between one's mouth, and a bandbox? Not much: either is a good place to put a *muff*-in.

☞ Why is faith like honey? Ans.—Because it consists of *bee-leevings*.

☞ The following conundrum was poked under our door the other evening when all was dark and still: What portion of our countrymen ought to excel as artists? Why, *Pencilvanians*, of course.

☞ When is a sty like a small wooden vessel? Ans.—When it's a pig in (piggin.)

☞ What is that that nobody wants, yet nobody likes to lose? Ans.—A lawsuit.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Take the Saturday Evening Post. RIDDLE—"Our country and our flag." RIDDLE—Dray, (ray—ay—yard.)

Answer to PROBLEM by D. Diefenbach, published April 2nd. Mr. Brown gets 156 acres at $63 50, and Mr. Miller gets 94 acres at $54.—W. J. Barrett, Walter Siverly, Reuben Barto, Gill Bates, and Morgan Stevens.

Answer to O. L. Newbold's PROBLEM same date. The numbers are 3 and 6. Answered by all the above named.

EDITOR OF RIDDLER—*Wanting to be considered some on a puzzle*, I enclose the following translation of the Puzzle in your No. April 30th:—

Mistress to Servant.
If the great B empty put colon
If the great B full stop putting colon.
Read.
If the grate be empty put coal on.
If the grate be full stop putting coal on.
Servant to Mistress.
How can I put colon when
There is such a hyphen der.
Read.
How can I put coal on
When there is such a high fender.
Erie county, Pa. E. D. HULBERT.

Irene, Mrs. E. S. Harper and Katie also are to be credited with the above answer.